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THE RUSSIAN PRINCE.

[From the German of Fanny Tarnow.]

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

THE high minded, noble looking Prince Olaf W. the last scion of an illustrious family, had just returned from a campaign, that had adorned his youthful head with the laurel crown of a triumphant general. He was received with distinguished esteem by his emperor, with joy by his friends and acquaintances, and with the tenderest love by his only sister, the Countess R. Her palace blazed with the bright light of the countless candles that illuminated all its halls and chambers, where the most brilliant circles of the imperial city were assembled to celebrate his reception. Music resounded through the splendid mansion, and it was now nearly midnight when Prince Olaf, wearied with the journey, the dance, and the gay variety of scenes the day had brought forth, entered a solitary room and leaning quietly on the window sill, looked out on the night, now glittering with stars, whose sublime greatness contrasted so significantly with the tumult of noisy joy in the adjoining saloons. The windows of the cabinet overlooked the Neva. The broad, clear stream, flowed calmly on; above the gray rocky fortress on the opposite shore, there rose from the mint a glowing stream of fire, that shot upward in the sky, throwing its bright light on the great imperial crown of gold surmounting the

cupola, that marks the resting place of the Russian Emperors.

How many dreams of his youthful years were awakened at this moment in Prince Olaf's breast! How often in the stillness of the night, had he stood at this window and looked forward into life—life, so full of problems, and from which he had expected so many never-to-be-forgotten joys, such a fresh and glorious thirst for action, such an ever flowing fountain of enthusiasm: and alas! who can look without sorrow on the youthful dreams, and the youthful hopes that have gone for ever! Olaf's soul grew more calm at these remembrances; he thought of the farewell he had taken, years before in this place, of the tears of his beloved sister, now almost intoxicated with the joy of his return, and then, as if earnestly reminding him, the image of her dead husband, his friend, recurred to him, who, when dying, had entreated him to be a father to his children; and he felt angry with himself and with his sister, because he had not yet seen them, and had scarcely thought of them amid the celebrations with which he was received. He opened softly the tapestry door of the cabinet, and recollecting the well known way which led by a long passage to the wing where the children were kept, he went towards their chamber. In the part of

the castle he now entered, all was still; the noise, the loud music, and the sound of the dancing gradually died away: but he soon distinguished the notes of a lovely, clear, female voice, singing with heart-felt expression, a German evening hymn. During his residence in Germany, the Prince had become fond of the language and customs, and now, involuntarily stood still before the door, without opening it. The melody of the hymn was simple; the voice showed no great compass, but it was cultivated, every note perfectly clear, full of soul and feeling. The last sound of the hymn was now dying away and he opened the door. A rich green silk curtain, which reached to the floor, concealed the back ground of the chamber: without being heard, he stepped across the soft carpet, drew back the curtain, and overlooked the sleeping room of the little ones. The three eldest were fast asleep in their beds near the wall; in the middle of the chamber, on a low chair, sat a female figure, rocking in her arms a child of angelic beauty, whose head, with its dark, clustering locks, were better seen in the twilight of the room, as the full light fell directly upon it from a silver lamp that was burning before the guardian saint of the family. The loveliness of the scene touched the prince. He hastened towards the youngest child, who had been born during his absence, and as it opened its eyes at the noise, and looking at him with an angelic smile, stretched out its little arms towards him, and murmured, "Uncle, Uncle Olaf." His eyes filled with tears, and he took the little creature from the arms of the stranger, and pressed it with tender kisses to his heart, and the sweet child without being frightened at his strange appearance, returned his caresses. He now turned to the governess of the children, who had risen up at his approach, and stood aside as if to show becoming respect to the master of the house. She was quite tall, and her whole appearance was somewhat peculiar. She had on a gray silk dress, with wide, loose sleeves, so long that they came quite over the hand, and the dress was so made as entirely to conceal the figure: in addition to this, she wore a high ruff, covering her neck and the lower part of her face, and a hood drawn closely over the forehead, with a black veil that was thrown back, as it is worn by the nuns in the north of Germany, a pair of green spectacles, and a silk shade of the same color, the reflection from which colored her face with a pale green hue.

Prince Olaf, a great connoisseur and admirer of female beauty, turned away his eyes in

disgust from this strange apparition: yet, in her carriage and demeanor, there was an expression of fine, high breeding, that compelled him, involuntarily, to say a few civil words by way of excuse for his late and unlooked for visit.

She bowed respectfully, and graciously, but the words of her answer were whispered in such a low and trembling tone, that he was unable to understand them. Feeling that some encouragement was necessary to reassure her evident timidity, he courteously asked her whether it would disturb the children in their sleep if he went nearer to their couch to see them. Instead of answering, she unchained the lamp, and led him from one bed to another. It was touching to see the little creatures, as the bright light awakened them, stretching out their arms to grasp her hand, and murmuring Charlotte, dear Charlotte! and she bent down, and making the sign of the cross over them, imprinted a kiss on their foreheads. Frau Charlotte's dress, figure, and demeanor, struck the prince so strangely, that his eye followed all her movements with involuntary astonishment. He wished to hear her speak, and remembering that little Clara had known him, and called him by name on his first entrance, he asked her how this was possible, as the child had never before seen him. Frau Charlotte stepped to the wall, touched a spring, and his own picture, as large as life, stood before him.

"I have thought it my duty," she said, gently, but with much earnestness, "to teach the children committed to my care, next to their heavenly Father, to know the man, whom the faithfulness of a friend, still more than the tie of blood, has constituted their second, earthly father."

Her tones were mild, and yet these words, like a reproach, sounded severe to the Prince's heart. "Receive my thanks for your care," he said in reply, "with the assurance that it is my firm resolution to be a father to these children." With these words, he returned to her the child which he had hitherto kept in his arms, and she bowed almost humbly, as he took leave of her; but, when near the door, he again turned round and told her in French, (in which, as is customary in the best Russian families, their conversation had been carried on,) to bring the children to him early in the morning, as soon as they were awake; she drew herself up with much dignity, and repeated the word "bring," in German, so earnestly, that he answered with some embarrassment; "perhaps it will be better that I should come to the children."

She again made a low reverence, and Prince Olaf returned in a thoughtful mood to the gay dancing room, whose joyous music sounded like a discord in the quiet world of peace that had risen upon him, in the innocence of the sleeping children. His sister had missed him, and now hastened towards him, asking where he had been so long?

"With your children," said he, "whom I had not yet seen, and who, above all others, ought to have been here to receive me."

"I did not think of it," she gently answered, "the little things are so well brought up by their governess, and Frau Charlotte is so unwilling I should have them with me when in company, that I am accustomed, on such occasions, to leave them quiet and undisturbed, in their own apartment."

"Who is Frau Charlotte?" he eagerly asked.

"A glorious woman, in whom I possess a perfect treasure. But I will tell you about her at some other time: now I must dance a cotillion," and throwing him a kiss, the pretty little lady hastened away.

Prince Olaf loved his sister; she was the only being upon earth to whom he was united by the ties of family love, for both of them, the last scions of their family, had at an early age, become orphans. The Countess was a charming person: gay, good-natured, with a heart void of deceit or suspicion. She possessed just sense enough to amuse herself in the great world, and be considered interesting as long as she was young and handsome. In her sixteenth year, she became the wife of Count R., whom she loved as devotedly as she was capable of loving any one. The young couple were gay and lively. Both knew no other object in life, than that of enjoying their own existence; and thus, when the Countess became a mother, it did not occur to them that maternal duty required from her any other plans or aims in life. The children were intrusted to nurses, waiting-maids, and governesses, and all anxiety on their account was removed, until on his dying bed the Count felt a seriousness, to which, in the tumult of the world, he had been a stranger, and now, care for the future destiny of his wife and children, weighed heavily upon his spirits. The last strength of his failing powers was expended in nominating his brother-in-law, whom he loved with fraternal affection, and whose character he honored, the guardian of his wife and children; setting before him, in a parting letter, the solemn responsibility of the duty he was about to undertake.

In the fearful game, which, played on the

bloody fields of battle, involves the lives of thousands, the death of a single individual cannot so move the soul of the warrior, as when the life of one we love passes away from our hearts and arms amid the solitary stillness of a sick chamber. Yet, Olaf felt deeply the death of his brother-in-law, the lonely condition of his young sister, and he resolved to honor, with faithful care, the trust bequeathed him by his lost friend. He entreated the Countess to leave the house she had hitherto occupied, and take up her residence in his: so that he might find her there on his return to St. Petersburg, and under his protection, she might feel herself again securely established in the world. He inquired after the children in all his letters, though he received only hasty and indefinite accounts of their welfare. He knew well, that from the good-natured weakness of her character, she was utterly incapable of superintending the education of her children, and feared he should find them wild and untrained. He was so much the more agreeably surprised by the care Frau Charlotte appeared to have taken of them. Little as he knew of her management, he felt a presentiment that under her guardianship they had been well brought up.

All trace, however, of these feelings, soon vanished in the part he was obliged to take in the festivities of the evening. Supper was announced. Prince Olaf led in one of the fairest and most gifted women, whose playful wit and bright glances, soon held him fast bound in the magic circle of present enjoyment. After supper, he was her partner in the dance, and the stars were already shining with a paler light, when he betook himself to his sleeping-room, and wearied with fatigue, threw himself on his couch.

As he awoke the next morning, and every thing seemed strange around him, from his long absence of years, the recollections of the preceding day floated like a dream before him, and, to his great discomfort, he recognized the well known feeling of an aching void, which had before always accompanied tumultuous pleasure like an echo, and roused in him a longing desire for more abiding, more peaceful happiness. Blessed with fortune, high birth, and independence, from his earliest youth he had given this powerful longing various names, though with all his strivings, he had never yet been able to satisfy it. At first, he called the happiness he longed for, youthful pleasure and enjoyment of life. All that life could offer with its passing charms, to meet the passing inclinations of youth, had been his: but the longing of his

soul remained unsatisfied, and in his solitary moments, in the silence of the night, it turned to melancholy, and whispered in his ear, Mistake me not; the happiness that I demand for thee, dwells not where thou hast sought it!—Then he turned to Art, and the treasures of Knowledge. But he who seeks not both with a pure heart, and solely for their own sake, hopes in vain for true refreshment from them, and the unfolding of his spiritual life. He thought by means of gold to make both subservient to his purposes, but they gave him in return only the tinsel of a superficial brightness. He asked again, When will the veil fall from before me? but there was no answer to his question; and as love of fame and honor called him upon the theatre of war, the glory of brave deeds shone brightly before him, and in dedicating himself and his life to the fatherland, his spirit grew clear, and his heart beat more gladly and strongly in his bosom. And in this heroic path he had found much food for fond remembrance, many exalted ideas, ennobling to life and humanity, many feelings that could never be forgotten: his mind developed its strong native power, its eagle glance; his character became firmly grounded on a nice sense of honor, a resolute renunciation of all little, self-seeking efforts; he felt himself so free, so strong in enjoying the power of a bold spirit to rule over little life, that he often presumptuously esteemed himself one of the chosen favorites of fortune; but still, moments would return in which he felt keenly the vanity and nothingness of all earthly pleasures, and as his heart looked forward to the distant future, he asked of the starry heaven, and the blooming earth, "Where dwells that happiness I long for, but cannot name?"

He had known one day in his life, in which he seemed to have realized in his heart the union of heaven and earth, of life and eternity; but he remembered its enchantment only as a youthful folly, which he was thankful had passed away. And yet, in the dreamy recollection of the rapture he then felt, his cheek would sometimes redden with joyful excitement; and then he was angry with himself for suffering a vain vision to usurp such power over him, and throw a cloud of weakness over the fresh activity of his life.

On his return from this campaign, he stood at a decisive turning point in his destiny. The transition from the exciting, ever changing scenes of martial life, to the monotonous quiet of civil existence, is certainly no easy one to a strong, young, manly heart. In every condition of life, it is hard to renounce the free

exercise of our powers; and what mode of life allows a man so proud and clear a consciousness of his own strength, as that of the warrior? The position of a soldier in time of peace, presented but few attractions to Prince Olaf; he disliked the thought of devoting himself to any other occupation than the service of his country; and a tedious, aimless life now lay before him as the necessary result of the leisure and independence his circumstances ensured him. His spirit sunk within him, when he thought of the pleasures, enjoyments and occupations with which he must now satisfy himself; and it was only when he remembered his sister and her children, that he felt the warmth of life in his heart, whose highest requirement, love, he had not yet learned to enjoy.

It was already broad daylight, when he rang for his servants to bring his breakfast; but his sister was not awake, so he went first to the children. Frau Charlotte sat at the breakfast table, with all of them around her. As he opened the door, they sprang up with joy to meet their uncle, all four blooming with health, and the charms of pure, graceful, lovely childhood. The prince felt himself strangely moved. He had never been much with children, and had hitherto observed them but little; for what can be learned of the nature and loveliness of children, when they are seen only in the drawing rooms of their parents? Here, on this morning, in this quiet place, the strings of the strongest and purest feelings of our nature, sounded in his heart. He greeted Frau Charlotte with much respect, and sat down at the table to amuse himself with the children. Their lively prattle, the purity of their language, their love to one another, and the unspeakable tenderness with which they hung round their governess, won for her an immediate claim upon his esteem, and he felt grateful to her, for keeping up such a lively recollection of him in the hearts of the children. He told her so, and with a voice whose charm he had felt the evening before, she answered him in such well-chosen, feeling words, that he involuntarily turned to observe her more attentively. But her dress, the hood, the spectacles, all rendered it impossible for him to catch more than a shadow of her features, and the only thing that made any impression upon his memory, was the expressive sound of her lovely voice. There was a quiet dignity in her demeanor that commanded his respect, and the earnest meaning of her words sounded so simply, that their full significance was scarcely felt, until from some cause, a conversation, or other circumstance,

recalled them. Prince Olaf had only intended to say good morning to the children, and was greatly surprised, when the striking of the clock reminded him that he had been with them more than an hour. He went from them to his sister, and asked how Frau Charlotte had entered the family. The Countess told him that she had arrived at St. Petersburg, with recommendations from many of the best families in her native land, and had offered herself to her, as governess to her children.

"As I knew from your letters," continued the Countess, "how fond you were of the Germans and their language, her being a German, was a great recommendation to me, and I thought the children might learn the language from her. I requested her to come to me; her strange dress, and her extreme near-sightedness, frightened me somewhat, for I was afraid the children would not become accustomed to her; however, she earnestly entreated me to let her make the attempt, and she had scarcely been here a fortnight, before they grew so fond of her, that I could not think of parting with her. She lives only for them, and I know she brings them up so well, that I have now, thank God, no further anxiety concerning them."

The Prince smiled at this expression of his sister's, and agreed with her, that Frau Charlotte seemed to have more talent for educating than herself. He was much pleased to find she was a German. But all that he heard of her, confirmed him in the belief, that she was not born for her present condition, but had been reduced to it by some sad reverse of fortune, which made it doubly incumbent on himself and sister to render her position as agreeable as possible. All thought of her, however, soon vanished in the conversation that arose between him and the Countess. She had remained in that circle from which the call of honor had removed him; all the occurrences and social relations belonging to it constituted, as it were, her world; and as nothing interested her beyond its confines, she felt it her first duty to acquaint her brother with all that had transpired during his absence.

She thus recalled to remembrance, many joyous hours of his youth; but he sighed to think of the great gulf that now lay between the enjoyment of those days, and his present tastes, and yet he could expect from the future, nothing but a repetition of the same tiresome pleasures. His experience of life was, however, still incomplete. The Countess now reminded him, as she brought before him the image of many a lovely maiden, and spoke of his speedy marriage as a thing of course.

The gay circle of fashion in St. Petersburg soon drew him into its fascinating whirlpool. But the louder the tumult around him, the calmer grew his inner life. In a heroic spirit like his, this led to no melancholy dreaming, to no weak sensibility, but rather to a bitter disesteem of life and men, which, in most cases, soon, and irretrievably, roughens the character; he was preserved from its hardening influence, by the quiet morning hours he passed in the children's apartment, which warmed his heart more and more, the longer, and the oftener he enjoyed them. Frau Charlotte always shone before him in the light of her own cheerful nature. Her whole existence was so peaceful, all her actions so full of love, that he felt himself changed, as often as he went in to see her. The children loved their good, kind uncle dearly; and those only, who have enjoyed the blessing of the pure, sincere love of children, know its unspeakable value. The conversations between Prince Olaf and Frau Charlotte, in these morning visits, were restricted to a very narrow range, as the children generally took part in them; yet, he often heard words of deep meaning from Frau Charlotte's mouth, and he respected much in her, that he could not understand, for he was still a stranger to the pious devotion with which she taught the children to love their heavenly Father, and to look up to him in all their little joys and sorrows. He never saw Frau Charlotte, except at an early hour, as she had expressly stipulated, that she was never to appear when the Countess had company, which was now the case every day.

One evening when he reluctantly returned from a dinner party to dress for a ball, he felt such an utter disinclination to go out again, that he resolved to remain at home. But, when we are once accustomed to the excitement of worldly pleasures, to the interest of outward objects, the mind cannot easily collect itself, and in the quiet solitude of his chamber, Prince Olaf found himself so dull a companion, that, notwithstanding his repugnance, he was on the point of ringing for his carriage, when it occurred to him to pay a visit to Frau Charlotte. He found the children asleep, while she sat reading by the fireside. It was so quiet in the little, retired room, that he already breathed more freely, and with greater cordiality than he had ever yet shown, he confessed to her that weariness and ennui had led him hither, and she would do him a great favor in permitting him to drink tea with her.

She smiled and offered him a seat, and now arose a conversation, such as Prince Olaf had never yet enjoyed. With great liveliness and

beauty of expression, Frau Charlotte combined a knowledge of the world and of mankind that astonished him, while at the same time, she had an enthusiastic feeling for all that was great and noble in human nature. If it be woman's brightest duty to fill the heart of man with the love of all that is pure and beautiful, Frau Charlotte was certainly especially fitted for it. All the riddles of life seemed to be solved by her mild, gentle words; he saw himself as in a mirror, and told her, what he had never yet breathed to any one, his regrets and his wishes; and how clearly she explained his undefined longings! How well she understood the nothingness of his doings and strivings; the void in his heart; his dissatisfaction with the present, his fear for the future! All his desires for a higher existence awakened in his breast, and as he left her at a late hour, he felt as if his life were growing fresh and green again. After this evening he visited her more frequently, then daily; and these solitary, earnest conversations were the foundation of the purest and tenderest friendship. She acquired his esteem and confidence, and an influence over him which increased daily, for she knew how to chase away his discontent and bring him into harmony with life. He learned what it was to be of a pure heart, to wish nothing, to desire nothing but the one thing needful.

He felt deeply what he owed to Frau Charlotte, though he never spoke of it to her. His feeling for her was peculiar; it was different from that he should have felt towards a friend, and yet it never occurred to him to consider the woman in her. He had no distinct idea of her outward appearance, and he never felt the want of it; he honored her sex for her sake, and enjoyed his quiet intimacy with her without any excitement of his curiosity.

Towards the end of the winter, the Countess' health became delicate. The physician recommended rest, and the brother and sister passed many quiet evenings together, Frau Charlotte joining them after the children were asleep. On one of these occasions, the Countess was bantering her brother about the conquests he had made, and the attentions he had paid to the Princess S., one of the richest heiresses in Russia, and as he readily joined in praising her charms and graces, she seriously and tenderly entreated him to put an end to his fluttering from one to another, and think seriously of marriage, which, as the last branch of his family, she considered his imperative duty.

Prince Olaf grew thoughtful. His eye fell upon Frau Charlotte. She had bent her face close down over her work, but her manner be-

trayed embarrassment and disquietude. It was so unlike her usual calm, placid self-possession that, in order to ascertain the cause, he asked her, whether she advised him to choose a wife?

"If your own heart does not answer that question," she replied, with some hesitation, "it is a pity you should listen to the voice of another."

The sound of her voice was more touching than ever, and recollections that still exerted too much power over him, were so vividly recalled, that he felt his heart beat more quickly. The Countess laughed, and thought Frau Charlotte was wrong in confirming her brother in his romantic fancies. The Princess S. was beautiful, rich, cultivated, of irreproachable character, and evidently preferred him; what could he ask more, than to choose her? Frau Charlotte was silent; but as the Countess again urged her to give her opinion, and she remarked the interest with which the Prince awaited her answer, she replied, that she esteemed love so high and sacred a thing that it seemed to her cruel to wish the Prince to renounce all claims to the truest happiness of life, by urging him to an alliance which, indeed, promised every outward advantage, but which could not be cemented by that deep and lasting feeling which unites one soul to another.

"And does your penetrating mind—your strong soul see more in love, than a fleeting, youthful dream?" asked Olaf, with emotion.

Frau Charlotte blushed. "Love," she answered, "is so sacred a secret in a woman's heart, that no word is tender enough to express it, and we should certainly be careful in speaking of it before men. But, in the serious hour that may decide the destiny of a life that is dear to us, friendship may not be silent. Yes, Prince Olaf, I believe in love and faithfulness; and where shall the heart in a young human breast turn with its hopes of happiness, if you deprive it of this belief?"

"Oh," he answered, with some severity, "why should not youth, so rich in glittering phantoms, indulge this dream, also? I, too, have once loved, with all the glow of a first ardent, youthful passion; and accident alone prevented me from foolishly sacrificing to this ebullition, all that is held dear and valuable in life: and yet it was nothing but a fancy that held such powerful sway over me."

"Had you loved, loved truly," said Frau Charlotte, with much earnestness, "you could not speak so lightly of this feeling, so sacred to all noble souls. Who knows what transient emotion, what mere impulse of your heart,

you may have taken for love, because you knew not what love was?" And now she began, in the most feeling, touching language, to describe how all the difficulties of life were softened by love, and in it dwelt the only power that could harmonize our lives, and in marriage, instead of restriction to narrow bounds, there was the highest freedom in the enjoyment of pure, simple, true human happiness, whose inspiring influence no man could wilfully renounce without being untrue to the holiest laws of nature."

The Prince listened to her with much emotion. The beauty of her soul disclosed itself to him like a beam of light from heaven, and the sweet and enrapturing anticipation of the happiness of love, rose like the dawn of morning upon his heart.

"I feel," said he, "my dear and noble friend, that this last hour has given a higher meaning to our friendship, for I feel deeply and earnestly its decisive influence upon my life; and as my inward life has been strengthened by the knowledge of your goodness, so you now give me back hopes of happiness, that it has cost me many a bitter struggle to renounce."

With these last words he had grasped Frau Charlotte's hand and now felt it tremble within his own. His attention being thus directed to it, he felt how soft, and warm, and delicate it was, and as she endeavored to withdraw it, the glove that usually covered it entirely, fell back, and he saw, for the first time, the fairest, loveliest female hand that ever felt the gentle pressure of affection.

He returned to his chamber in a dreamy, absent mood. Frau Charlotte had spoken with emotion, with enthusiasm. For the first time it struck him that he knew nothing of her past history. Could she be in love? The disguised character of her appearance, came before him in all its strangeness; he asked himself whether she were young, or old, and found that, judging from the silvery tones of her voice, and the lightness of her motions, she might still be very young, and he felt keenly, that nothing could make him amends for the loss of her friendship. Many images of the past swept before him, but of all the women he knew, none attracted him with so strong a power as she, whose conversation, whose approbation, whose friendship, were indispensable to his happiness in life. And should any third person now come between him and this dear friend? What an influence might it have upon his life, upon her's! Here he stopped short. Her blushes, her trembling, the softened tones of her voice, her young, beautiful, enthusiastic views of love,—he felt now what

a tender breath of youthfulness seemed to float around her; he felt, too, with tender emotion, the power which a truly devoted heart may exercise over a high minded man, by making the happiness of another dearer to him than his own. He thought of all her worth and her goodness, and though his feeling for her was one of pure, calm friendship, he saw clearly that he could only be happy with a wife who in heart and mind resembled her.

He had returned from his campaign with the intention of marrying, and would then, without much consideration or delay, have united himself as willingly to one as to another, if the mere arbitrariness of the choice had not made him undecided: now the case was altered. Intercourse with Frau Charlotte had aroused the higher faculties of his mind, the better feelings of his heart: he had felt the influence of association with a good woman; he could not dispense with it in the holiest and tenderest of connexions, and preferred to remain single, rather than marry without being one in heart and mind with his wife. He felt indebted to Frau Charlotte for the clearness of his views, and the firmness of his resolution, and he resolved to open his whole heart to her.

When he awoke the next morning, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and a mild spring rain had softened the wintry face of nature. He invited Frau Charlotte and the children to walk with him to the winter garden of the palace, and while the little ones ran among the laurel and orange trees, and mused themselves with the splashing of the fountains, he walked with her up and down the long colonade. She seemed to him younger than before, and almost shy: to her, he appeared milder and more friendly. Each felt the strongest and most perfect confidence in the other, but for the first time, the softened tender tone of her language bespoke her consciousness that friend spoke with friend, and not only one mind with another.

"Our yesterday's conversation, my dear friend," said he to her, "will not soon be forgotten, for it has brought me to a clearer understanding of all that you are to me. If there can be an endearing feeling in the soul; if sentiments of esteem, of confidence, of true, sincere affection belong to an eternal world, I feel that nothing can change the feeling that binds me to you, and life and its relations shall not interfere to disturb our intercourse. I have proved myself earnestly; I cannot, will not, ever marry."

Frau Charlotte trembled visibly as he said

these words. He continued with much animation:

"To you, I will confide what I have hitherto communicated to no one. I am by no means insensible to the attractions of female beauty, but deep in my heart there rests an image of womanly charms and womanly loveliness, which deprives all other enchantments of the power to captivate me. At an early age, women attracted me too strongly; I was often in love, sometimes because I had nothing else to do, and often from want of other excitement; and in excuse for my inconstancy, I thought I was only obeying the dictates of my nature, which impelled me irresistibly to change. But even then I felt I was but playing with the shell of happiness, without being able to reach the kernel, and I was often dispirited and melancholy. Then the war broke out. The strong and glorious interests of the time, aroused even the cowardly; and whatever power slept in men's souls, they bore aloft as on eagle's wings. The earnest meaning of life disclosed itself to me; but, with the enthusiasm for fame and the fatherland, there arose in my heart a longing desire to be filled with a gentler, holier feeling than my transient fancies had hitherto excited. The fortunes of war led us to Germany, where the capture of M— was entrusted to me. After a bloody storming, the fortress was surrendered to me by the French commander. Old and young streamed from the doors to welcome us as their deliverers and avengers. I saw strong men shed tears of joy; saw mothers bless the day that gave their children a free fatherland. It was a glorious day, the proudest of my life. Touched by their joy, and happy in myself, I was approaching the gate at the head of my troops, when a train of maidens in festal attire came through it, and their leader drew near to me and extended to me a laurel wreath. I could not hear what she said, but the sound of her voice re-echoed in my heart. I saw her, and only her; she was grace and beauty itself. I know not how I answered her; indeed, I recollect but little else of the day. They had prepared a triumphal banquet which was followed by a ball, where I again saw her. I spoke only with her—I danced only with her. She was modest, timid and reserved towards the strange, impetuous soldier. In the meanwhile I had inquired and found that she was the daughter of a painter who had resided only a few months in the city, but by her goodness and beauty she had become so universally beloved that, with one accord, she was chosen by the young girls as leader of their train. I was to leave the city the next morning. Ex-

cited by wine and dancing, and impelled by a passion that had obtained the mastery over me I knew not how, I told her that I loved her. A single glance from her eyes silenced me, and my cheeks reddened with shame. She turned away from me; I was transported, and forgetting every thing, offered her my hand, my name. She looked at me earnestly, but reprovingly, and yet the warmth and grief of love were expressed in her eye.

"I should despise both you and myself," she replied, 'if, in such an hour, I could give answer to such a question,' and without my being able to hold her back, she had vanished. I never saw her again. As I passed through M—, on my return to Russia, and inquired after her with a beating heart, I learned, that soon after my departure, she had gone away to travel with a rich Englishman."

Prince Olaf stopped speaking, and seemed much agitated. Frau Charlotte in vain tried to hide her tears. After collecting himself for a few minutes, he continued:

"The remembrance of this folly has oppressed me, and yet I cannot banish it. Either I have never loved and cannot love, or I have loved that bewitching creature, of whom I know nothing but her name, and whom I must thank for preserving me from the folly of giving my hand to an unknown girl of her rank, which, as a mark of extreme rashness, would have thrown a doubtful light on my character and honor. The impression which her beauty made upon me can never be repeated; my heart seems cased in mail against any similar one. Yet," he continued, "great as was the power of this feeling, which I felt to be independent of my will and my reason, I never knew the true wishes of my heart, and its purest feelings, until I knew you. My soul belongs to you, and thus, my heart being guarded by that remembrance, and happy in your friendship, there is nothing to render an alliance with any other woman desirable. Where is the chasm in my life that needs to be filled up. My sister, by residing in my house, secures me all the comforts and pleasures of domestic life requisite to my standing, and the care of her children, in which I feel united with all I love, is a fountain of pure and high enjoyment. When I feel the need of being stirred up to act for others—when I want confidence, comfort, encouragement, you are at hand, and no other woman can ever drive you from my heart, or be to me what you are. Let us then enter into a bond never to separate, and to remain faithful friends, until death shall part us for the last time."

"I accept your vow of friendship, noble

man," said Frau Charlotte, gently moved; "and perhaps a woman's heart is seldom made more happy than you have made mine. But do not let it influence your future course; yet if," she continued with playful raillery, "after preferring virtue, the charms of the soul and friendship, to the fascination of a fair outside, Providence had bestowed on the friend of your choice, the gift of a youthful, blooming person, would you still continue to despise her attractions?" Her tones were so sweet, so cheerful, that it could not fail to resound in the heart of the Prince.

He looked forward full of hope and confidence to the future, and little anticipated that the hour was close at hand which would put all his wishes and resolutions to the test.

Lord Arundel had been living for some months past at the Russian Court; a man who was as much esteemed for his high character as for his strong sense and cultivated mind. Noble minded men always draw together, and thus he and Prince Olaf had become united by the closest intimacy. Some years before, Lord Arundel had lost a beloved wife, and of several children, one only daughter now remained to him, of whom he always spoke with the greatest tenderness, as all his earthly hopes were united in the desire of seeing her happy. In consequence of the sickness of her aunt, who accompanied Lord A. and his daughter on their travels, the young lady had remained in Konigsburg, diplomatic duties requiring the Lord to hasten his journey to St. Petersburg. He had looked forward with great impatience to his reunion with his daughter; and Prince Olaf now received a note from him, announcing her arrival.

He hastened to him, to pay his respects to the young lady; but she was too much fatigued by the journey to receive his visit. Lord Arundel begged him to come the next day, when his daughter was to be presented at Court.

Prince Olaf had heard much of the lady's beauty, and as all the Russians who had accompanied the Emperor to London were unanimous in considering her the fairest of English beauties, he was very anxious to see her. But what were his feelings when he saw her the next day, at the drawing room, and found her extremely like his unknown youthful love. It was her height, her fair hair, her glorious eye, the softly rounded oval of her face, the winning charm of her smile; only that Lady Arundel, in her rich dress and the brilliant jewels she wore as ornaments, seemed to him more dazlingly beautiful than he could imagine his former favorite. He trembled as he looked on

her, and he felt how strong a power the remembrance of love could exert, when its sun had long since set, and a presentiment to which he could give no definite form filled his heart with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. He had thought he could always retain the calm, quiet feelings, on which he had grounded the plan of his life: but as he looked on this fair form, he felt that she alone could decide his happiness, and before the magic of her presence the pleasures of mere friendship faded away to a pale dream.

Lord Arundel retired with his daughter before Prince Olaf found an opportunity of approaching. He immediately followed them. Why had nature here mirrored the charms that had before so fascinated him? And was it a cause of joy or sorrow that these feelings had been renewed? Alas, it was not his happiness alone that was risked! Frau Charlotte's name passed like a gentle sigh over his lips, and he felt that his happiness or misery would decide the fate of the gentle heart that would be faithful unto death.

Lord Arundel received him with the greatest cordiality, and offered before dinner to lead him to his daughter. As they approached the room, they heard the soft, silvery notes of a German song. It was Frau Charlotte's voice; and in this moment how it struck upon the ear of her friend. He stood still, and much excited touched Lord Arundel's hand, as if he wished him to wait; but he opened the door. Frau Charlotte set alone by the window. There was the gray silk dress, but its many folds no longer concealed the tall, queenly figure; the veil was thrown aside, the hood pushed back, and beneath it hung the light locks, in their rich luxuriance; the clear blue eyes looked up in their pearly brightness, to greet her friend as she rose at his entrance, and blushing, and smiling through affectionate tears, she stood before him.

"Am I dreaming?" cried Olaf.

"No," said Lord Arundel, "you see in Lady Charlotte Arundel, the friend who won your heart independently of outward attraction and the passing charms of youth, and thus insured to both of you life-long happiness. I was on the Continent when the war broke out, and in order to escape imprisonment and detection by the French spies, assumed the name of a German painter. As the daughter of such a person, you knew Charlotte in Germany, which, as her mother's native country, she tenderly loved, and whose language had always been a second mother-tongue. Charlotte's heart felt the genuine nature of the feeling she had excited, inasmuch as you had

called forth a similar inclination, but she needed a surer reliance than the fleeting moments of your acquaintance could give or justify, in order to trust you with the happiness of her life. The father was the daughter's confident. It was an easy matter for me to follow you, and obtain information concerning you. I learned to appreciate you and gave my consent to Charlotte's plan of making herself known to you in the disguise of Frau Char-

lotte, and thus testing your affection. She has succeeded, and the happiest of fathers has now only to give his blessing to his two beloved children."

Lady Arundel and Prince Olaf are now the loveliest and noblest couple in the imperial city. Oh, ye happy mortals; may your life be beautiful as your love! peaceful as your souls, and pure as your hearts!

THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.

BY LUCY HOOVER.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of Maria Theresa, as Queen of Hungary, are well known, how she wore the iron crown of St. Stephen, and rode to the Royal Mount on a superb charger waving her sword in defiance to the four corners of the earth; how that afterwards in the banquet hall, being incommoded by the heat, she removed it from her head, while her luxuriant tresses falling upon her neck, the assembled Hungarian nobles were thrilled with enthusiasm by her beauty, her youth and her noble spirit. The scene on which the following lines were written, took place when in the assembled Diet, she threw herself upon the tried fidelity and bravery of her Hungarian nobles.

BEAUTIFUL looked the lady
When she wore the iron crown
Beautiful at the banquet-hall
With her shining hair unbound;
And queenly at the Royal Mount,
As, with a warrior's air,
She boldly waved the flashing sword,
And reined her charger there.

But more beautiful the lady,
With her calm and stately grace,
Glancing with firm and steadfast eye
On knight and noble's face;
And casting to the idle wind
A woman's passing fear,
She turned to that assembled throng—
"Nobles of Hungary; hear!

"As men do gaze in thickest night
Upon a single star,
So shines to me your steadfast faith
With promise from afar;
I place my trust upon your arms,
On yours, the true and brave,
For Hungary's soil may never shield
The coward or the slave!

"I call unto my rescue now
God and St. Stephen's aid;
I gaze upon the swelling tide
With spirit undismayed.

Nobles and knights of Hungary,
I pledge my queenly word
To guard for you each sacred right—
Who draws for me his sword?

"Now, in mine hour of darkest fear,
On you my hope I cast;
Nobles and knights of Hungary
Will ye not bide the blast?
God shall defend my righteous cause
I call ye to the strife—
Who for his leader and his queen
Will peril fame and life!"

And swords were from their scabbards flung,
And spears were gleaming bright,
While loudly thrilling accents rung,
"St. Stephen for the right!—
Lady! to thee our lives we pledge,
The peril we defy;
Marie Therese shall be our queen,
Marie, our battle cry!"

Noble and knight, on bended knee,
Came from that throng apart,
And bathed with tears her gentle hand
Who bore so true a heart;
And tears were in those shining eyes,
Though flashed her spirit high,
As louder swelled the thrilling words
"For thee we live or die!"

For the Ladies' Magazine.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM A FENCE CORNER.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

"HE measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground,
A neighboring wood, born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees."

COWLEY.

"God save you good man, pray you be not mis-
contented, for I toke you for a farmour of mine in
Essex, for ye are like him."

BERNER'S FROISSART.

Eng.—"You little think he was at fencing school
At six o'clock this morning,

Sim.—"How; at fencing school?"

MASSINGER.

AYE, marry at fencing school!—but not the
kind of school the rough, hearty old poet
speaks of. There's a vast difference look ye,
between standing in *cuerpo* like a French
dancing master, throwing yourself into an at-
titude, and crying "sa! sa!" as you attempt
to pink with your foil an imaginary antagon-
ist,—I say there's a vast difference between
such dandy exercise as that, and the rude, mus-
cular exertion of digging post holes, and set-
ting rails.

It is a clear, frosty day; there is not a single
cloud to be seen on the face of the blue sky,
and the sun looks down with so serene a
brightness, that you almost wish it was always
winter; the fresh air brings with it such a
joyous vigor. The snow lies in patches upon
the hills, and in one broad sheet in the copse
wood, giving way with a light, easy, crackling
sound beneath my tread, as I pass to my old
accustomed work in the fence corner, with a
gentle young companion by my side.

Ha! here are the delicate foot print of par-
tridges; let us follow them—up by the fence
they go; softly—softly, we are near them now,
—see! there they stand in a lump, under those
dead hanging leaves; you might cover them
with your handkerchief,—twenty of them, all
huddled in a circle, with their heads pointing
outwardly. What do they live on now—do

you ask? Look, how the red berries of the
sumach, are scattered all about on the snow!
Come along; there are bird's a plenty, such a
fair day as this.

Yonder, in the cedars, are robins, chirping
and singing, flitting in and out, chasing one
another, and committing all sorts of bird-
antics. Farther on, where my finger points,
in the orchard—not there, my dear—a little
lower down—see how the larks are running
about hither and thither, looking where the
snow has melted, for insects and such other
matters as may come under their shrewd ob-
servation whirr! whirr!! "Mercy on us!
what was that?" Don't be alarmed child; we
have only startled a pheasant; see where he
goes glancing through the bushes! Ah, I dare
say he is more frightened than we.

Hark! we are coming to the woods. How
loudly the woodman's axe resounds through
the otherwise silent solitude. You can see
him now. His brawny arms all bare, his
sleeves tucked back, and every thew and sinew
strung to the utmost muscular intensity; and
his black hair streams back upon the wind, as
he swings himself forward to the stroke.
Look out there! Stand from under!—Crash!
Ah me!—you say I look sad,—bless your
anxious face! and so I do. Many, and many
a forest giant have I seen laid low; but have
never beheld him fall, without a melancholy
feeling coming over me.

After all, the country is the place wherein
to learn wisdom—heart-wisdom, I mean.
Thought, to him who thinks at all, is more
earnest in the country than in cities. In the
latter, man seems everything—man's handi-
works are all around—man's projects are
discussed—man's art, and cunning, and mys-
tery, constantly recalled. His chicanery, am-
bition, hypocrisy, or honesty, the common
topic. He stands, as it were, an intermediate
barrier between our natural feelings, and the

Great First Cause. But, in the country—the grass that grows, the wind that rocks the trees, buds, blossoms, fruit, berries, rain, snow, and sunshine—all are put in direct communication with our better nature, and are constantly reminding us of what we are, and from whence we came.

There, my dear, lay this little homily to your heart, and, as you grow older, think upon it—and my word for it, though you may be sadder for the thoughts that are thereby stirred, yet will you become wiser, because humbler.

Further on, a little further on, and we shall reach my nook—a pleasant, cosy place, is it not? Right in the angle of the fence; four sentinel cedars, two on each side, and a rustic seat.

Lay your little, well-defended hands on my knees; sit close to me, and lift up your calm, blue eyes, child of my adoption, while I tell you many things.

How old did you say you were? Fifteen, last Christmas day! Dear me, it seems as if it were but yesterday I dandled you in my arms; and already the bud is expanding into the blossom. Take heed, sweet one! the present be so improved, that the future bring not regretful memories. You smile.—Ah! Youth is ever fearless, and undoubting—but age is cautious and incredulous. Time hath leaden feet for childish expectations; but with those of maturer years, he putteth on swift wings.

What is that which you have just gathered? A living green leaf from out those dead leaves! Even that hath a gracious moral.—Listen to it. Those dear leaves, may be likened to the foliage of youth; which consists, in its spring-time, of marvellous hopes, and glorious aspirations. As we grow older, they change, wither, and fall; yet, as they fall, they shelter some green joy, and sheltering, nurse it; and in the winter of the heart, lo! it peers up in its pleasantness, to cheer and gladden us.

Did you ever see an exhibition of those optical delusions, called dissolving pictures? where each picture comes up before you gradually from vaporous dimness, into bright distinctness, and from distinctness, slowly dissolves, and fades away into indistinctness; and as it melts upon the sight, another picture comes out in its place, and fading like the previous one, you are startled by a third, developing itself indolently from the same spot, and a fourth, and a fifth, and so on to the last: some dark, and some stormy looking, and others sunny and cheerful, but all in this manner, come and go, and are displaced. And such is life! The picture of to-day, is

fading to-morrow; and as it fades, another takes its place.

The stormy ushers in the peaceful, and the peaceful is again succeeded by the sad; and yet, as years roll over us, all the past pictures, whether of bright or dark, are blended inextricably together, and form a whole, which we call experience—and their memories, like the music of Caryl,

“Are pleasant, though mournful to the soul.”

Profit thou, oh fond one! by these teachings.

You never read the works of our elder Dramatists, I believe; and tis better you should not; at least, not until you grow older; although, among much that is “of the earth earthy,” there are occasional gems of the finest water, lighting the dull mass not less by their extraordinary brilliancy, than by their stainless purity. Here is one of Dekkar’s! Am I going to read it? Bless your dear heart, no! Whenever I meet with a good thing, I leave it to my memory to give me an account of it when called for.

Now, Thomas Dekkar is one of my favorites; so nestle closely to my side, and listen, while I tell you what I think of him. Aye, I see you are all attention

Dekkar, has been, by most writers, assigned a rank far lower than that to which he is justly entitled. He has less vigor than Marlow, Massinger, Webster, Ford, and many others; but *more imagination* than all of his contemporaries put together—Shakspeare and one of the Heywoods alone excepted. He evidently possessed a vivid perception of the beautiful, and sent his thoughts out like bees, to the intent that they might return laden with sweets, from wherever they were to be found. Massinger, on the contrary, peopled his world with fewer original creations, drawing his inspiration principally from books, and an acute study of the limited circle by which he was surrounded. Hence it will be found, that in all his plays, he depicts less the manners of the time and province in which his scenes are laid, than those of the period and country in which he himself lived. This, it is true, is a fault common to the elder dramatists, Dekkar not excepted; but the latter possessed, in a considerable degree, the rare power of piercing beyond the sphere within which his contemporaries were content to confine themselves, and drawing thence beautiful thoughts, such as his brother poets either wanted the genius to conceive, or the daring to express. What can be more exquisite than this exhortation “to Christian Constancy?”

"Oh, my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you. Though temptations
Shower down upon you; clasp thine armor on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see after these wars,
*Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch
stars.*"

Your mild blue eyes kindle and glisten,
fond one! I knew they would—and you tell
me, that these few, brief, glowing words, spoken
in extremity, would enable you to dare all
things for the Truth's sake, and I believe you.

And now, I will repeat to you how he discourages concerning meekness.

"He who is high-born, never mounts *yon battle-
ments*
Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear earned bread of honest thrift."

Blessed, thrice blessed are the meek in spirit!—Of "Honor," he says, with a scornful earnestness, the truth of which has been taught all-grasping ambition by many a worldly, and a bitter lesson:

"Honors! I'd not be bated with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An hour together. 'Tis, besides, as comfortable,
To die upon the embroidery of the grass
Unmindful, as to set a world at gaze,
While from a pinnacle, I tumble down,
And break my neck, to be talked of and wondered
at."

Oh, Wolsey! hadst thou thought thus, the service to which you were dedicated might have had one sincere votary more, and a King, one parasite the less.

Do you remember, on a calm summer evening, reading to me with your soft, musical voice, the fine reflections of Hamlet upon Yorick's skull? Well, now I will repeat you their counterpart from Dekkar, premising, that, for certain reasons, I believe that the latter were the first written.

Hippolito takes up a skull.

"What's here?"

Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's;
La's, say it were, I need not fear him now:
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
His frowns, though dagger pointed: all his plots,

Though ne'er so mischievous. His Italian pills—
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law;
See! see! they're all eaten out; here's not left one,
How clear they're pick'd away to the bare bone!"

And now listen breathlessly:

"How mad are mortals, then, to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that sumpter horse, the back,
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul!
Yet, after all, *their gayness looks thus foul.*"

Can you tell me why I call you sunbeam?
Because you gladden, and vivify, and because
you are like *her*, in purity and goodness,—
and your voice—ah, me! If I shut my eyes
when you are speaking, I think she has
come back again, it sounds so like those dear
old times when she and I, were—tut—tut, it
troubles the fountain too deeply—so, I will
just croon over for you the difference between
a picture drawn by the hand of a limner, and
that burnt and branded upon a loving memory.
These are the words of Hippolito as he
gazes upon the portrait of Infelice, whom he
supposes dead.

"My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek; and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
Those lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. La's, now I see
The reason why women love buy
Adulterate complexion;—Here 'tis read;
False colors last after the true be dead!—
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom.—Look—a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford,
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak,
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in the coffin. Hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart."

Verily it is so; and as I shake hands with
you in the spirit, I breathe an earnest blessing
on your memory, gentle, imaginative Master
Dekkar.

THE poor man feasts oftener than the rich,
because every little enlargement is a feast to
the poor, but he that feasts every day feasts no
day, there being nothing left, to which he may,
beyond his ordinary extend his appetite.

IN making contracts use not many words;
for all the business of a bargain is summed
up in a few sentences; and he that speaks
least, means the fairest, as having fewer
opportunities to deceive.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

ALL ABOARD FOR BOSTON.

A STEAMBOAT SKETCH.

BY A. L. STIMSON.

It was on the afternoon of a beautiful day in June, that I left my hotel in New York and proceeded to the Providence steamboat-pier, feeling in that amiable mood which is always the consequence of a good dinner. I was eyeing the passengers in Broadway with the utmost complacency and urbanity, from the windows of my "hack," when the driver excited some indignant expletives from an Irish woman, whom he came near running over. Dashing on with professional hardihood, he heard not, or *pretended* not to hear my rebuke, and did not check his steeds until, in a cross street, his attention was attracted by a crowd collected around two negroes who were fighting most unmercifully. I was in a humor too benevolent to enjoy contention, and ordered Whip to drive on; but it was of no use,—drivers are absolute—so, in most cases, are all those whose business it is to forward travelers. The moment a man, not contented with the means of self-conveyance given him by nature, renounces "Shanks' mare" pro tem. and depends upon other locomotion than his own, that moment he loses his free-agency, and becomes the victim of a tyranny sometimes greater and sometimes less.

Not until the sanguinary show was ended, did Mr. Hackman, in his limitless grace, vouchsafe to proceed, but, fortunately, we had time enough, and I succeeded in getting on board the boat in good season. It was a "reduced-fare" day, and consequently, the steamer was thronged. With some difficulty I made my way through the dense crowd of passengers, who, I am firm to believe, consider it a religious duty to loaf about and obstruct the gangway as much as possible, instead of retiring to some more roomy part of the boat where they would be less in the way.

The ingress of men, women and children—trunks, babies and bandboxes, began to be excessive,—yet the cry was "still they come!" The excitement, as usual on board steamboats,

was very gratuitously heightened by simultaneous crowding, hustling, shouting, fidgetting, and pressing towards the Captain's office. It is a pity that people will not preserve their equanimity on such occasions, and keep cool. Swine are a privileged aristocracy, and, in getting at their trough, may tread on each other as much as they please, but *gentlemen* do wrong in following their example, and little credit will redound to them, be their imitation never so good.

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!" read an old fellow, peering at a placard through a pair of ancient specs, and looking as wise as an overgrown owl. As I gazed at him I saw a thin, delicate hand, evidently not his own, insinuate itself into his coat-pocket. "There is one!" I exclaimed, meaning a thief. "What?" cried another Daniel Lambert, starting back in great trepidation, and treading with all his immense weight upon my toes. "What!" he repeated, grinding my corn all the while and staring in surprise at my convulsed features.

"Fury! a *jelly*, sir!" I exclaimed, cutting urbanity, and thinking only of my victimized foot.

"Ah!" said the mammoth, changing his locality unconcernedly; "I beg pardon, but I didn't know but that one of those rascals had lightened my pockets!"

"They might, sir, and still you would be heavy enough, as my corns can testify," I rejoined with some asperity.

The hubub of men and women, porters, cartmen, orange-girls and news-men, pushing, higgling and swearing, all at the same time, increased every moment.

"'Ere's the Sun, Veekly 'Er'ld, and Noo Hera!" "'Ere's the Corinquire, Even' Star and Veekly Dispatch!" "Vive horanges for a shillin'!"

"Take your cane out of my eye, if you please, sir!" "Certainly, any thing to oblige!" was the urbane reply.

"Put my baggage down there, anywhere, driver," said a passenger, who had just crossed the plank at the imminent peril of being knocked overboard.

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the other, and threw the trunk down upon an aged band-box, which it crushed as flat as a pancake. A loud, shrill shriek succeeded, and a thin, gaunt woman staggered towards the millinery wreck, and evinced great disposition to faint. No little indignation was expressed against the trunk by a few, but the majority were more disposed to laugh or to attend to their own business.

Startling words were now buzzing about the deck. "A pocket has been picked!" "A pocket has been picked!" In "a peck of tribulation" the owl-faced veteran, before mentioned, was wringing his hands and lamenting the loss of his wallet, containing two hundred dollars.

"Is 'nt it most outrageous, sir!" said, to me, a gentlemanly looking man at my elbow, in a tone as denotive of virtuous indignation as I ever heard. I answered as became me, and he rejoined in a strain of commiseration for the sufferer, evincing so much richness of sympathies, that filled with admiration for his warmth of heart, I grasped his hand. *That hand!*—It bore an extraordinary resemblance to the one at whose insinuating action I had exclaimed when my foot was mashed!

"Wh—what!" I stammered—and dropping the delicate morsel of flesh, recoiled, with my gaze fixed upon it as though fascinated.

"What—what—what are you at, sir?" said the stranger, in his turn stammering and embarrassed. My singular manner had evidently put him off his guard. After a pause I turned my eyes from his digits, and replying coldly,

"Nothing, sir!" walked away to observe his movements from a distance. He appeared uneasy and glanced frequently, though furtively, at me.

Soon after he approached me, and as if carelessly, inquired with a smile, what had ailed me, just before. My reply was like that I had before given; at which he looked unsatisfied, and eyeing me as if he would read me through, said in a cutting, sarcastic way, that irritated me, "A penny for your thoughts!"

"You shall have them—it is a bargain!" I replied, taking his hand. "I saw *this* enter the pocket of that man. I don't know that *you* put it there, but I do know that *it* was there, and I believe that it took his wallet!"

"Pshaw!" said he, "what folly to pretend to identify a *hand*!" and turning from me, he walked leisurely away. I did not see him

again on board, although I looked for him with some interest.

"Allow me, sir—(what may I call your name?)" said a mild looking somewhat elderly gentleman, addressing a friend of mine, and by his looks calling attention to a very fashionably dressed girl, who hung upon his arm.

"Smith—Smith, sir!" replied my friend, sufficiently unsophisticated to be taken a little aback at the prospect of an introduction to a rosy, dashy girl, by an individual whom he did not recollect ever having seen before.

"Miss Stebbins," said the other, with some dignity, "I have the honor to make you acquainted with Mr. Schmidt." After the usual salutations had passed, the sedate elderly gentleman, who had already won the respect of my simple hearted friend, shook hands with the young lady, and saying aloud to her—"Mister Schmidt, my dear, will get you a good birth, attend to you if you happen to fall sick, take care of your band-boxes, and see you safe to Boston. Mr. Schmidt, you will oblige me by obtaining a carriage for her when you leave the cars!"

The elderly gentleman then left his protégé in charge of my friend, who handed her into the lady's cabin.

"Pleasant employment, eh?" I said, as he returned to the side of the boat where I stood.

"To take charge of a young lady to Boston, certainly!"

"Do you know any thing about her?"

"No—do you?" looking at me enquiringly.

"No," I replied.

"Well, what then?"

"O, nothing. Strange young ladies from the hands of strange gentlemen, is all well enough, no doubt!"

Mr. Smith looked a little black. It was his first trip to Boston. Just then, some one stumbled against him. It was a merchant's clerk.

"Beg pardon!" said the stumbler, producing a hatfull of letters, "but you'll do me a favor by dropping these into the post-office at Boston!"

Taking charge of letters is a bore at any time; the trouble and responsibility are always onerous, and in this case, I suppose, Smith felt that they would be peculiarly so. He had just begun to repent having yielded too readily to his good nature, and it soured his answer.

"Will you oblige *me*, sir?" he asked. The clerk nodded assent. "Then," said Smith bitterly, "please to——" pointing downward significantly, as he spoke. The clerk walked away.

It was the last minute of our stay at the

wharf, and the hubbub was deafening. Porters loaded down with heavy trunks were rushing on board, puffing and sweating, and knocking down every one in their way—clerks were running about with their letters—acquaintances were hallooing to each other, to and from deck and pier—the hands were driving off the paper-sellers, who returned the compliment in choice Billingsgate—the oderiferous steam was escaping noisily from the valve, and the Captain giving the necessary orders to cast off.

"I'll not give you your price, sirrah! Two dollars is exorbitant; I will not be so imposed upon!" exclaimed a gentleman to a blackguard in whose carriage he and his wife had ridden from their hotel to the boat.

"Well, give me twelve shillins, then!" said the driver, swearing terribly and trying to bully.

At that moment the steamer was detached from her fastenings. "Get ashore, quick, you rascal, or I'll charge *you* fare to Providence!" roared the Captain to him of the whip.

"I'll take *six* shillins!" said Jehu to the passenger, and standing ready to spring on shore.

"No you wont!" replied the other, "you tried to cheat me, and you don't deserve any thing except a cow-hiding—but follow me to Providence, and *perhaps* I'll pay you two dollars!"

The driver uttered an oath, and, amid jeers from all sides, jumped with some difficulty over the space which was rapidly increasing between the boat and the shore.

"Stop the vessel!" "Hold on!" "Wait, Captain, wait!" were exclamations emanating from the almost breathless lungs of three anxious individuals who had reached the pier just in time to be too late.

"Stop! I've left my umbrella!" vociferated some one in the boat. But time and steam-boats stay for no man, and away we cut through the placid water, "double quick," to the music of our own paddles.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

TO CAROLINE.

BY ROBERT S. CHILTON.

A PLEASANT summer morning,
With such a scene as this,
To glad the heart, and please the eye,
Is surely perfect bliss;—
And yet my heart is sighing,
Because thou art not near;
O! would that thou wert here, dear girl!
O! would that thou wert here!

How brightly in yon flow'et's cup,
Shineth the morning dew!
And yet, methinks 't would seem more bright,
If thou wert looking too;—

Yon trees would wave more gracefully,
Yon heaven would look more clear,
If thou wert only here, dear girl!
If thou wert only here!

Yon little gurgling rivulet,
How sweetly doth it flow!
And yet, 't would sound more musical,
If thou wert saying so!
The notes of yon gay forest bird,
Methinks would sound more clear,
If thou wert only here, dear girl!
If thou wert only here!

When an enemy reproaches us, let us look upon him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will.

He that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that though he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost.



THE UNKNOWN PATIENT.

From the German of Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

IN one of the free German towns there happened, about three hundred years ago, the following strange circumstance, which seems well worth relating.

Good old Master Helfrad, the far-famed physician, sat late one autumn evening by the fireside with his wife Gertrude in edifying conversation. They had let their household go to rest; for supper was over, and the good old couple were unwilling to put restraint on any one. But Master Helfrad had that day received the costly copy of a book of devotion from the monastery of Mariahülfe, where he had long before bespoken it; and he could not refrain from reading it aloud the same evening to his faithful companion, for his eyes were yet strong and clear as those of a man of thirty. The heart of husband and wife thrilled with holy joy on reading the wise reflections of the writer, and the beautiful hymns scattered through the book. They spoke with thankful emotion of their past life, and looked onward with trust at the road which might yet lie before them, and also at the career of their only son, who is now travelling in Italy as a skilful disciple of the painter's art; and they thought with heartfelt content of the bright light which, from their earliest childhood, had shone upon them from

above, growing brighter and more full of promise each year, till now it stood before their eyes as a crown of glory awaiting them.

The great clock of the minster-tower had already struck ten, the lights were extinguished in most of the burghers' houses, and Master Helfrad sat yet in his arm-chair, with the silver-clasped parchment volume on his lap, opposite to his wife Gertrude, who let her spinning-wheel stop while she listened with folded hands and sparkling eyes to the speech of her husband, now and then putting in an approving word. The half-hour soon struck, and Master Helfrad looked up in wonder, and said, "Well, well, how far into the night we have talked away! it is not good when men's eyes are open long after the sun has gone down."

"But, father," said Gertrude, "when we are using them to gaze at the everlasting Sun!"—

The old man rose from his seat, and began to take off the logs which yet burnt on the hearth, repeating the saying,

"If thou wilt prosper in thy station,
Keep e'en in good to moderation."

Then were heard thundering knocks at the house-door from the heavy mallet which hung there suspended by a chain.

"I will come forthwith," said Master Helfrad through the window; and whilst he got ready a light, he said to Gertrude, "Now, indeed, it is well that I am still up; for if this is a dangerous malady, the quarter of an hour which I shall gain may be of much service."

"Were it not better," said Gertrude, anxiously, "to awaken one of the servants, and let him open the door? Who knows what stands without there? Night is no man's friend."

"Therefore will I take *this* with me," said Helfrad, smiling, while he loosened from the wall his honored old sword. He then put into his pocket a small box of medicines, which he always took with him when he went to his patients, threw over his shoulders a fur cloak, drew on his fur cap, and went, the sword in his right hand, the lantern in his left, out of the room.

The knocking without still continued, growing more furious and impatient. Helfrad said, as he went down the few steps which led from the parlor to the hall-door, "Patience, patience; I am coming!"

Gertrude lighted him out of the room, and whispered, "Ah! husband, there lies a heavy weight on my heart! if you would only awaken one of the men! Do it to please me, and for this once."

"Wife, if it was only my pleasure I was after, from my heart I would do what you wish," said the old man, as he drew back the bolts; "but in the work of my calling, I must have no misgivings."

The door was now opened; he took up the lantern which he had set down, stepped back, and let the light shine upon the entrance, asking in a friendly voice, "Who is at my door? let him come in, in God's Name, and say how I can serve him."

The autumn wind rushed wildly in at the open door, and out in the dark night was seen a black face, with a strange high head-covering, and flame-colored dress, which shone in the light thrown by Master Helfrad's lantern. With a loud cry, Gertrude flew back into the room; even the old man retreated a little, and made the sign of the cross before him with his sword. Then he leant upon his weapon, and spoke with a calm voice, "In the Name of God, say what thou hast to say, and who sends thee."

Perchance the Moor was himself frightened at the appearance of the noble grave old man, with his lantern and his sword, for he trembled violently; but he collected himself soon, and said, "Quick with me to the hostelry of the Three Crowns, master; there lies my lord

sick of a fearful fever, which has seized him with such violence, that it will surely destroy him in a few hours, if you aid him not!"

"We will see what may be done," answered the physician: "much may be hoped from God and the healing art." And then he trimmed his light, and went forth, calling back to the trembling Gertrude, "Close the door, and go to bed; but first make up the fire on the hearth, and be not troubled. I have the house-key with me, and I go forth to do God's will. And you, strange messenger," continued he, turning to the Moor, "go before me, and step quickly, that we may soon come to the place."

As they walked hurriedly through the dark and narrow streets, the physician felt a sort of terror at the bright yellow dress of the Moor, which gave him almost the appearance of an enormous flickering flame. "But," said the old man to himself, "he can hardly be called a 'pillar of light,' I should feel otherwise if he were; and yet who knows? God has put such wonderful power in man, that he can turn all things to his own purpose."

The Moor began to go slower; and as the physician urged him on, he answered, with a not ungentle voice, "Old sir, I have seen your white hair and your white beard; too great haste might hurt you."

"It is kind in thee to think of that, my son," said Master Helfrad; "but care not for me—I can step as rapidly as the strongest youth."

"Ha!" cried the Moor, and broke forth into a hideous laugh; "then we may run a little race. Off now! who shall get first to the hostelry?"

"Do not speak in that unseemly way," said Master Helfrad. "A thoughtful German burgher knows nothing of such jests and gibes. I will walk as God has given me strength, and as befits me. Any thing unfitting I will not do now or ever, not even for the emperor's sake."

"But we should get there quicker," cried the Moor, and again laughed frightfully, till the sound echoed back from the nearest windows, and was repeated far through the stillness and darkness of the street. Then spoke the old man with the piercing solemn voice of noble indignation, "Be silent!" and the Moor seemed to shrink into himself, and went on rapidly and in silence.

The inn of the Three Crowns was brilliantly lighted up, and the whole house in movement, so that Master Helfrad at first thought some disorderly feast was going on. But as he entered he saw on all faces the paleness of terror, and the household running about in disorder. A little window which opened from

the hall into the parlor of the landlord shewed his family kneeling round a crucifix. Master Helfrad asked whether the stranger yet lived?

"If you have the courage to go to him," answered a servant, "go up those stairs and turn to the left; you can make no mistake, for his fearful howlings and imprecations have made the hair of all of us stand on end. We fear that we are lodging the devil or his like."

In truth, hollow cries were heard above all the other noises, coming from a distant part of the building. The physician repressed his secret fear, and went up the stairs; the Moor rushed up in three springs, and was heard running along the passage to the sick man. Master Helfrad followed him slowly through the long narrow passage, which was lighted by a single lamp nearly burnt out. The servant had truly said that no one could mistake the way; for from a room at the further end there came forth a noise which might have been taken for the roaring of a lion, had not the most horrible curses but too clearly shewn that the fearful sounds were proceeding from a being endowed with man's reason. Having reached the dreaded door, the physician once more prayed with his whole heart to God, guarded himself again with the sign of the holy cross, and then passed the threshold with a firm courage.

A dazzling light met his view, for on all sides burnt a quantity of wax tapers; it seemed that all darkness had been diligently banished, as if it had been feared that in every corner where it would have been, there would also have lurked some new horror. On a couch opposite the door, a figure, dressed in strange and rich attire, was turning and struggling in the arms of the black man; now a foot in a large purple slipper was darted convulsively forward, now an arm covered with a dark-colored sleeve slashed with red. It seemed to the physician as if it was no earthly being that he saw; he went forward to look more closely, and a glance at the strange figure had almost made him start back, but that he immediately perceived there was a mask on the patient's face. The latter now kept still, though with an evident effort; it seemed to be the effect of some words which the Moor screamed into his ear in a language which the learned Master Helfrad had never heard.

"Sir," said the physician, "you must take the mask from your face; the face of the patient is an instructive book to the physician."

The sick man shook his head in silence.

"Does not your lord understand me?"

asked Master Helfrad of the Moor. "Shall I speak either Latin or Greek to him?"

"He knows all languages," answered he; "you heard him curse in German when you came in. But you will do well to leave the mask in its place."

"Ah! you know nothing about the matter," said the physician; "the mask must be taken off."

"Will you then be driven mad?" cried the patient in a fearful voice, and sprang up convulsively. "He who sees me must go mad; but if you wish evil to yourself, you shall have it. I often threaten my servant with this when he excites my anger too fiercely. You shall have your will; you shall have it!" And he was already loosening the clasps of the mask, but the Moor fell shrieking on his knees, and called now upon his master, now upon the physician, to desist from their intentions; warning the former not to drive to madness the physician who should heal him, and assuring the latter that he himself had never looked upon the face of his lord, and yet knew but too well that it was the most fearful sight in the whole world. The sick man let go his hold of the fastenings, and fell back again on his bed; Master Helfrad gave up the point shuddering. Whilst he now felt his patient's pulse, and bent over him to ask him questions and to observe his breathing, it seemed to him as if two such glaring fiery eyes shone out from the mask that he drew back terrified. But the experienced doctor knew well, from the hand, and arm, and whole figure, that he had before him a strong, muscular, but emaciated man of at least sixty.

The good Master Helfrad seized his casket, and began to prepare a salve over the flame of two wax tapers, and whilst it was warming he mixed a costly drink.

"You want implements," said the Moor, and opened a precious chest, in which was an abundance of glasses, vials, retorts, and all possible vessels of the same kind, and all of the best and most beautiful sort. There were also some metal flasks, of such wonderful workmanship that Master Helfrad could not recollect ever in his life to have seen the like, nor could he guess for what purpose they were intended. Then he said, "My son, that chest looks somewhat strange to me; I only make use of those things which I fully understand, and of which I can give a good account to God and man. Close it again, I want nothing more than my own implements."

The black attendant quickly closed the chest, for his fearful master threatened him, saying, "Thou miserable fool! art thou so

eager to boast and make much of the very little knowledge thou hast acquired?"

At the same time the malady again seized him with all its strength, and destroyed at once the composure which he had kept with such an effort. The unearthly howlings began afresh; curses in many different languages poured from his lips; the most fearful in that unknown tongue which seemed to be allied to all the horrors of his visage. The Moor held his master in his arms, by turns trembling in all his limbs and stamping wildly on the ground, as he repeated the curses of the sick man.

Meantime Master Helfrad sat diligently at his work, and hummed with a cheerful countenance, a pious song. It was as when, on some winter-night, a fierce storm rolls over the earth, and chases before it the dark and fugitive clouds;—while the moon continues to look down from her height with undisturbed and friendly aspect.

The drink and the salve were soon prepared. The good physician approached his furious patient, saying, "Now control your wild nature; the uncurbed spirit may not hope for help from the Almighty God." And as he gave him the drink, and rubbed his sunken temples and his powerful breast with the salve, he continued to repeat sayings about the ways of God and the wanderings of men, in reference to what he had already spoken. So long as the pain raged in the limbs of the sick man, or began only imperceptibly to decrease, he yielded quietly and gently to all that the physician did or spoke; but hardly had the soothing powers of the medicines gained victory, and life again flowed calmly through his veins, when he said with an angry, displeased manner, "I think, friend, you may cease your tedious sayings and allegories; they are no ways to my taste."

"Not so, I hope," said Master Helfrad kindly, continuing alike his gentle tending and his edifying talk.

"Laugh him dumb with thy jeerings, Nigromart!" said the sick man to his attendant; but Nigromart closed his eyes, and turned away affrighted.

"What hast thou promised? wherefore art thou here?" cried the dreadful figure. "Wilt thou shamefully turn back when half way?"

The Moor now seemed to recollect himself, and broke forth with a torrent of gibes, and jests, and mockeries on the physician; who at first remained quite still, putting in occasionally a holy word, and assuaging more and more the sufferings of his patient; but at length he lifted himself up, looked earnestly

at the mysterious mask without shrinking from the fiery eyes, and said, "Man, where wouldst thou be before three hours if I withdrew my hand from thee?"

"Thou needst not think of converting me!" murmured the stranger, turning away scornfully.

"The more, then, must thou care for the little life which may yet be left thee," answered Master Helfrad.

"You would not leave me on account of a few jesting words?" said the stranger; as he muttered to himself, "You would be a good performer of your own words if you did!"

"Listen, then," answered the physician, "and I will tell you once for all. If either you or your attendant touch with your impious words those things which are held sacred through all Christendom, then I at once turn my back upon you, and not all the gold of Africa and India shall bring me to you again; but if you choose to jest only on myself, I will be no more angry at it than is natural and excusable, and even that only very seldom, I promise you. Look here at my wrinkled face and white hairs; I think they would be good enough aim for marksmen such as you seem to be."

He looked upon them so kindly and patiently, that neither of them could bring out a word; and now that his sufferings were relieved, the sick man, quite exhausted, sank into repose. The physician gave the black Nigromart instructions what to do to his lord; promised to be there again betimes; and went home in deep thought, after having given rest, by his noble skill, not only to his patient, but to the whole house.

His wife Gertrude lay in a quiet sleep, to which she had composed herself trusting in God, and from which she awoke next morning at dawn of day, as Master Helfrad was softly leaving the room. "Oh, father! whither are you again going?" she asked. "Will you quite destroy your health?"

"No," said the physician, with a kind smile; "I am thinking much more of restoring that of the man sick near to death, to whom I was called yesterday; and for that purpose I must go forth to gather herbs in the morning dew. Do not detain me, dear Gertrude. I see well you would fain know, after the fashion of women, how the sick man is called, and like particulars; but I have no time; and even if I had, I do not myself know who he is whom I hope to heal." Then he bid a friendly farewell to his wife, and went out singing into the meadow so gaily, that those who had seen him from afar might well have thought it was

a youth gathering flowers for his beloved, instead of an old physician collecting healing herbs for an ointment.

The malady of the stranger grew more critical towards mid-day, as Helfrad had expected; but what almost bewildered him was a strange whistling, and piping, and fluttering, which at times sounded through the sick chamber as from the motion of unseen wings. The masked man and the Moor were evidently terrified at it; but the former threatened with a clenched fist, and then for a moment all was still.

"Sir," said Master Helfrad, "I know not what beings you have around you; but I see that you cannot control them, and I must take part against them."

At the same moment there was a more violent whistling, and piping, and flying than ever; and the sick man said quietly, "Master, you will do wisely not to meddle with them in any way."

But the old Helfrad cried out with a loud and powerful voice, "Be quiet, whoever you are, so long as a true and honorable man is here in this chamber: I command you, in the name of my Lord God; and if you do not obey, I must speak yet heavier things to you."

Then all was so still that the movement of a mouse might have been heard; and Master Helfrad said with an honest smile, "I have now shewn you how one can quiet the like."

"Do you, then, know them?" asked the mask.

"How know them?" answered Helfrad. "I know nothing of such beings; but we need only walk in God's ways, and speak in His name, and all evil things will give way to us."

"Are the means so near, so direct, and so secure?" murmured the stranger: "And could one so simple do more than . . ." He stopped, and turned discontentedly towards the wall, as if he would sleep; and the physician left the room.

Helfrad now devoted his whole time so entirely to save the life of his patient, that he was hardly ever seen but reading, or collecting herbs in the fields, or silently praying to God for light and assistance.

Once Gertrude (who now knew what a terrible guest the Three Crowns harbored in the patient of her husband) asked how, for the sake of such a godless man, he could so waste the precious strength of his old age?

"Wife," said Master Helfrad, "all sick men are alike to be cured. One Higher than the physician must judge whether or not they be worth the curing. But so much can I see, that no one more needs a longer span of life

than this poor distracted wretch." Then he took again his cloak and cap, and hastened to the inn of the Three Crowns.

Before the room-door he found Nigromart sitting on a bench, drawing; who made signs to him that his master slept. "Right well," said the physician; and in order to be at hand when he should awake, he seated himself by the Moor, and looked at what he was about. He was pleased to see a fair, bold sketch of St. George, who was sculptured in stone over the door of the neighboring cathedral, in the act of killing the dragon.

"Say nothing to my master of this figure," whispered Nigromart.

"Wherefore not, young man?" asked Helfrad. "You have done a deed worthy of praise, and that all the world might know of. But one thing I will tell thee honestly does not please me. Why didst thou not put in that strangely beautiful sword which hangs by the side of the saint?"

Nigromart thought it was of no meaning or importance; and when he saw that Master Helfrad was about to return a very serious answer, he hastened to open the book which he had used to support his drawing, and tried to turn the old man's attention to other things, by shewing the beautiful paintings and sketches which it contained. The good doctor looked well pleased at most of these, but put some aside carelessly.

"Why do you not look at those designs?" said Nigromart; "they are taken from the most glorious monuments of Grecian art."

"My friend," answered Helfrad, "I understand none but German paintings, or perhaps Italian, so far as they are related to the German. The other skilful designs I put aside, as an unlearned man does my Latin and Greek books. But a man who would master and practise any art, must learn it thoroughly; therefore I have sent my only son to travel in Italy, that he may lay a firm foundation for the work, which afterwards, by God's help, he shall raise in his native land to the edification of his countrymen by many fair designs. Have you never known him as a fellow-artist—he is called Freymond!"

"Oh! Freymond," said Nigromart,—"yes, Freymond, I know him well." And he then began to relate how highly the young artist was prized by all the Venetian, Florentine, and Roman masters, and how the Italian nobles accounted it an honor to entertain him: with other glorious and joyful tidings.

"May he only not be puffed up!" sighed Helfrad. "Truly—I may say it behind his back—he went hence with an angel's inno-

cence; and I trust in God *that* has been kept safe by many images of angelic beauty. His mother and I pray for that day and night. See, dear Moor, you have made my heart right joyful with your tale; and so much the more would I that you had not left out the sword of St. George. For, first, a sword is never a mere accessory to a man, as you thought; and then the sword of this figure has its hilt in the form of a cross. I trust my son does not forget that cross-hilted sword in any of his designs. Harken, my friend; you serve a strange lord, but you have surely never sworn to paint a cross!"

The sick man moved at that instant; Master Helfrad was obliged to go in to him without awaiting Nigromart's answer; but when he came from the room again, the Moor held out to him the figure of St. George, saying, "Keep this in memory of me. See, I have ventured to trace the sword upon it." And as indeed the noble weapon, with its significant cross-shaped hilt, hung down at the side of the saintly knight, the old man pressed very kindly the Moor's hand, and felt a hearty joy in possessing the gift.

At this time, when Master Helfrad went forth of mornings to gather the dewy herbs, there often came to him in the fields a slender maiden, with a lovely though somewhat pale countenance she helped him modestly and reverently in his work, as a dutiful daughter would help her father. She had soon learnt with quick attention what herbs the physician chiefly needed; she remembered, too, to choose the best and finest of the kind he wanted, since he had given the following answer to her question, "Why he sought herbs for himself with such toil, instead of taking them from the stores of the apothecaries:"—"My fair child, are we satisfied when we see a horse, an ox, or a hound, that it is horse, ox, or hound? Do we not ask concerning the strength and good qualities of the particular animal that we need? How, then, can I expect to get good out of dried plants, when we can hardly know at what time of year they were gathered, certainly not what time of day; and therefore know not under what influence they sprang up, nor whether they will be hurtful or serviceable to us?"

One bright morning, as the physician had answered many similar questions of his gentle assistant, and they were both resting, after their work was over, under some shady limes, he said to her, smiling, "It is now time that I should question and thou answer, sweet maiden; it seems to be right wonderful that one of thy sex should find such pleasure in

listening. Open now thy fair mouth, and tell me something of thyself; and, first of all, thy name. Truly, if there lay not such a sorrowful paleness on thy cheeks, and if thou didst not speak somewhat broken German, whereby it may be seen that thy home is in a distant land, I might be sure, without asking, that thy name is Angel, thou graceful apparition, so full of all kindliness and humility."

"I know not, dear father, what you mean by that," said the maiden, while a faint blush colored her pale cheeks, "but truly I am called Angel in your northern tongue, for in Italy I was christened Angela."

"Wert thou born in that beautiful flower-garden, Italy, little Angel?" asked the old man. "What then has waisted thee over the high Alps?"

"No hopeful breath of spring," answered the maiden; "but a cold autumnal blast, which stripped all the leaves from my blossoms. Yet I trust to pass here a calm and pious winter; and when the eternal spring comes to me, then shall I wander amongst the flowers of heaven, free from sorrow, and full of peace. See, dear father, I lived with my old, long-widowed mother near the holy city of Rome, in a grove of laurels; and we led a still, quiet life, apart from all the world. We never went into the city; as she lay before us with her old temples and palaces, she appeared to us always as the continuation of the broken columns and walls which still remained in our grove, and under whose shadow I read so happily holy books, or beautiful histories, which my blessed father had bequeathed to us. Now it so happened that a young German painter came into our laurel-grove to sketch the ruins it contained. My mother gave him hospitality for many days; and as he was of angelic beauty and of angelic goodness, he became very dear to me; so that when, after a little while, he wooed me for his wife, with my mother's good will, I willingly plighted my faith to him, and we were betrothed. Then he spoke of carrying us to Germany; and as I had fears of your distant northern land beyond the high mountains, he began to tell me many beautiful things concerning it, and also to teach me your language; and—whether it was that I hung upon him with my whole soul, or that there is an attractive charm in your land for all who learn to know it well—very soon in all my dreams I heard the rustling of your German oaks and limes, with the immeasurable verdure of their extensive forests; and I saw the pure bright mirrors of the mighty streams which roll nobly and peacefully among them. The songs of love and war of

your greatest poets were on my lips; and with endless longing I gazed all day on the images which my lover drew of German chiefs, and holy men, and pure women. But the more I now longed to hasten to this beloved land, which drew me to her with a silent welcome, the seldomer did my betrothed speak of our journey. He began with more glowing words to praise the beauty of Italy, and at last declared plainly that he would end his days in that earthly paradise. I yielded to his will, and only prayed him to paint for me many German figures; yet I did ask him whether his parents were dead, of whom he at first had spoken so much, praising their kindness in having given him leave, at parting, to bring home, if God and his own heart so inclined him, a maiden of his choice from foreign lands to be his bride, provided only that she were innocent and gentle. He laughed, and answered, that he believed his parents were in health, but that they led a dull life; and he meant to give me a more joyous one than I had yet known. I felt frightened at this; but I laid all to the state of excitement in which he always returned from Rome, whither he now went almost daily. At this time all German pictures and images of saints vanished from his painting-room; he only designed old statues of heathen times; and he laughed at me when I sorrowfully asked for the figures which in earlier and happier days he sketched for me so readily and so beautifully. 'They were childish trifles,' he said; 'but now he was on the right path of nature and of godlike liberty.' Yet I could trace nothing godlike in his new works; on the contrary, I often saw among them unseemly figures; so that I went no more into his painting-room. My good mother, thank God, did not notice his change, but died in peace and hope, giving us both her solemn blessing. Ah! with what vain, unsatisfying consolations did my lover, once so full of earnest thought, wound my heart! He now wished to take me to Rome; and as I would not hear of it, he went thither himself, in order, as he said, to prepare our future home. Months passed away, and I heard nothing of him; at length I ventured to go into the great capital of the world, and, with tears of anguish in my eyes, my senses bewildered with the tumult that was quite new to me, I went to the part of the town where he lived;—he had often described his house, and once had sketched it for me. Now I stood before the graceful building, which looked to me as fair in reality as it had in his drawing. With like beauty the golden oranges, amid their dark leaves, and surrounded with bright flow-

ers, shone through the garden lattice-work. And yet this could not, I thought, be the house of my betrothed, for the loud shouts of a riotous company sounded from it, hardly allowing at times a few tones of the melody of many singers to be heard. I was about to turn away for ever, but I loved him as myself; and to seek the lost was, I thought, a command of God. So I ascended the marble steps with prayer and confidence, and entered the door of the banqueting-room. The guests were startled at my appearance, for I was yet in deep mourning for my mother; and in the general silence which now reigned, I went up to my betrothed, who was crowned with roses and breathing perfumes. I spoke to him of time and eternity, of the world and of God. At first he seemed moved and alarmed; but the torrent of his passions soon swept my words from his heart: he spoke much of the bright inspiring life of an artist; he dared to offer me to share it with him; he even praised my beauty with bold, unfitting words. Then I went forth; and I have never seen him since. I heard, indeed, that he had gone to Greece as the favorite of a mighty prince. But I converted my small estate into gold, and have come as a pilgrim to beloved Germany; for I love it now in place of my poor bridegroom; and I dare to hope that it can never be so lost to me as he is lost."

Bright tears fell from the maiden's eyes; and the old man said, "God will guard our land from being lost to thee and to all His angels!" But then he spoke with a low, almost stifled, voice: "Tell me at once, fair child, was not thy betrothed called Freymond?"

"Alas, yes!" she answered, weeping yet more bitterly. "And since you ask that question, are you not his father, the far-famed Master Halfrad, who lives in this city? I have thought so for many days, but never had courage to ask."

"Truly I am he!" said the old man; "my broken heart bears witness thereto."

Then Angela knelt weeping on the grass; and the old man laid both his hands on her dark locks to bless her.

After a while he began again, and said, "Hast thou, then, no more love for Freymond?"

"Ah, good Heaven!" she answered, "how could I ever cease to love him?"

"Well then, dear Angela, we will now, and very often, together pray for him." And he knelt beside her on the grass.

They first prayed quite to themselves, then aloud, and louder, stretching wide their hands towards heaven; and instead of disturbing

each other, the words of one seemed to kindle those of the other, as we may fancy two seraphs, with wings touching and embracing each other, soar up to heaven.

They were at length interrupted by the loud and uncontrollable sobs of a third person, not far from them. They turned to look, and perceived it was the Moor, who was stooping over a stream close by, and washing his face as eagerly with the water as with his tears. When he lifted himself up, and looked upon the other two, the water and his tears had cleared away the frightful darkness of his face, the high flame-colored turban fell off, and in its place golden ringlets clustered round his temples. It was Freymond, who in deep sorrowful confusion sunk on his knees before his father and his betrothed, repeating through his tears, "O God! O God! they pray for me, and I have broken their hearts!"

"But now you will heal them again," said Angela, bending soothingly over him, and touching his cheek; while the old man took his hand, and with a strong effort raised him, saying, "Will not our heavenly Father receive us when we come again to His house as lost sons? How, then, should a poor earthly father not do the like?"

Then he comforted and kissed him, and thanked God for having hearkened to his prayer; but presently he said, "Now be calm, as befits a man, and tell us, in a few words, how you came to know that fearful sick man, and how it stands with you now."

"Father," answered Freymond, "I found him in the vaults of an old Roman villa; and when I trembled before him and his mask, he spoke kindly to me, and led me through strange ways to some glorious statues, the like of which I had never seen above ground. He bound me fast to him at first by the love of my art, and by his full knowledge of the joyous life of the old Greeks; and then he counselled me to follow the same joyous life, pouring into my hands more gold than I wished for, and more than I knew how to use. But this fatal knowledge he soon taught me: I recklessly plunged into all the pleasures of Rome, and, unsatisfied with what the outward world could give me, I began to knock at the gates of the unseen world, not for light, but for might. Thus my terrible guide had me fully in his power. You have seen, father, how he is connected with mighty spirits; he promised that I should become a sharer of all his secrets, and, together with him, have power over men and over nature, as the gods of Greece have had."

The father made the sign of the cross upon

himself and his son, and said, "That would truly have been to spring in your own strength from a pinnacle of the temple."

"But first I was to cast from me," continued Freymond, "all that held me bound to my country, my parents, and our holy faith itself. Till then, he said, I must remain a servant, have my face disfigured by a hideous black stain, and bear the hateful name of Nigromart. As soon, however, as the time of trial should be over, I was to take the name of one of the glorious gods of Greece, and assume a marvellous beauty. My master, too, was again to become youthful; and, no longer needing a mask, was to lose his terrific countenance, the result of a former unhappy spell. In the course of my probation we came to this good city, to try whether I was so fully possessed by the evil spirit as to mock my father, and mother, and home, under my strange disguise; and then I was to deny those most holy truths in which the heathen do not believe. Oh! praise be to God, who threw that fearful man on a bed of sickness, and so brought to nothing the ending of my trial, after which I longed!"

Again he sank down in prayer; and his father and his bride prayed in silent joy by his side. Then they all three rose.

"Take your betrothed home," said Master Helfrad; "return to your mother, and let her know all."

"Ah!" sighed Freymond, "if only it might be concealed from my pious, sorrowing mother!"

But Helfrad said very solemnly, "Truth is not only a good thing, my son, it is the very best; for without truth there is no love."

Freymond bowed his head in sorrowful acquiescence; and with Angela's soft hand in his, refreshed and strengthened by her loving words of comfort, he went home. Master Helfrad visited the sick man. He approached his bed with a thoughtful face, saying, "I have taken back my son! I should have done it sooner; but I learnt just now for the first time that he was in your service. Reckon him no more as your servant." And then he began to prepare ointments and draughts as before, and to administer them as if nothing had happened.

The masked man trembled violently. At length he brought out these words, "And will you, then, not leave me? will you still heal me?"

"Why ask me such a question?" said Master Helfrad. "I have been called to be a physician by God and by my superiors."

The sick man sighed deeply, and pressed the physician's hand; then he began again: "Has Nigro—"

"That name I forbid!" interrupted the master, earnestly.

And the other continued, correcting himself, "Has Freymond confessed to you who I am? A solemn oath binds him yet."

"And he observes it," answered Helfrad; "my son would not begin his repentance by breaking his oath."

"I will trust the secret to you, if you desire it," said the sick man, "and you will marvel. But, ah! I can hardly pronounce it."

"Do not," answered the physician; "I am not curious, and God forbid that I should add to your troubles."

Then he hastened home, and found his son in the arms of his weeping, forgiving mother, and of his happy bride. Soon the wise father took Gertrude aside, and solemnly begged her not to tempt her son to break his oath by her questions: "For," said he, "you like to hear new things, and we know not how firmly rooted the replanted sapling may yet be. In a year's time, I hope, you may question him as much as you please."

Master Helfrad's hope did not deceive him. The true German love and strength soon recovered their former firm power over the heart of Freymond, deepened by the storm of temptations against which he had to struggle. He had to bear a gentler probation in winning Angela again; and the art of his fatherland, on her part, shone brightly on her returning son with heavenly refreshment.

In the mean while the masked man was cured of his sickness; and when Master Helfrad took leave of him, and sent him on his way with many holy words of warning, he listened very patiently, and said at last, softly and timidly, "Do you, then, really think that I may yet be saved?"

"Wherefore not?" answered Master Helfrad; "the same God yet lives."

Then the restored man humbly begged the physician to obtain permission for him to do penance in a monastery of the town. He must, indeed, keep on his mask, for his countenance was too hideous to be shewn; even now the fiery eyes shone so strangely through it, that Master Helfrad, against his wont, was forced to look down. He wished also to be allowed to conceal his name, lest it should excite too much terror amongst the brethren, or perhaps awaken an ill-timed curiosity among

them, on account of many strange mysteries in his own life and in that of another. Master Helfrad promised to do what he could, and in a short time brought all to pass according to the wishes of the mask.

Received within the holy walls of Mariahülfe, the stranger underwent there such a severe and profound penance that he edified all the inhabitants of the monastery as much as he had at first terrified them. His voice became milder, the light of his eyes less and less frightful, till at last it shone pleasantly. Then, at length, the abbot said to him one day before the assembled brethren: "Penitent, the Spirit has made known to me that thy sins are forgiven, and that thy countenance is again become human, and thou needest no longer conceal it under that dreadful mask. Therefore I command thee to put off that rigid covering."

The penitent bowed humbly, obeying the words of the abbot, and the heavenly smiling countenance of an aged man shone upon the astonished brethren. Then they all together praised God, took the restored penitent into their holy company, and called him Brother Redivivus.

Freymond was now living a holy life at Angela's side, having married her when his time of probation was ended; and when for the first time he saw Brother Redivivus in a procession of the brethren, and learnt who he was, the last shade vanished from his mind. It then seemed to him as if he first received the full forgiveness of his sin; and he painted the figure of Redivivus so full of life and love that it was thought the masterpiece of his far-famed pencil. After three years, as Freymond and Angela were carrying home their first-born son after his baptism, their honored parents with them, they met the bier of Brother Redivivus. He had gently fallen asleep in the Lord. The christening company turned back, and Helfrad and Gertrude, Freymond and Angela, and their sweet smiling infant, accompanied the deceased penitent to his eternal rest.

People who long after saw the portrait of Wagner, the disciple in magic of Dr. Faustus, remarked a great likeness to Freymond's picture of Brother Redivivus; only the one appeared like a descending demon, while the other seemed an ascending angel.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.]

THE Reuss, which runs in a bed hollowed out, to the depth of sixty feet, between perpendicular rocks, cuts off all communication between the inhabitants of the valley of Cornara and those of Goschenen, between the Grisons and the people of Uri. This was the cause of much inconvenience to the neighboring Cantons, so that they brought together their most skilful architects, and at the common expense of all, built many bridges across the ravine, but never succeeded in constructing one sufficiently strong to resist, for more than a year, the tempests, the rise of the waters, or the avalanche. A last attempt of this kind was made towards the end of the fifteenth century and, as the winter was almost past, the hope was indulged that their work, this time, would resist all the usual attacks, when one morning information was brought to the Baillie of Goschenen, that the bridge was again swept away.

"Nobody but the devil," cried the Baillie, "will be able to build us one!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when a servant announced Messire Satan.

"Bring him in," said the Baillie.

A man was shown in of about thirty-five or six years of age, dressed after the fashion of the Germans:—He wore red breeches, and a close black coat, which latter, a little torn under the arm, showed a fair-colored doublet underneath. His head was covered with a black cap, surmounted by a large red plume, which by its undulations, gave to it a very peculiar grace. After the customary compliments, the Baillie seated himself in one arm-chair—the devil in another:—the Baillie put his feet upon the andirons, the devil innocently placed his among the burning coals.

"Well, my poor friend," said the visiter, "you stand in need of my services?"

"I confess, Monseigneur," replied the Baillie, "that your assistance will not be useless to me."

"This cursed bridge, is it not? Ah! It is of much importance, then?"

"We are unable to pass without one."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Satan.

"Come, be a good devil," said the Baillie, after a moment's silence, "and make one for us."

"I came to make the proposition."

"Ah! well, there is but one point then, to settle—with regard—to—the—" The Baillie hesitated.

"With regard to the price," continued Satan, regarding his interlocutor, with a singular expression of malice.

"Yes," said the Baillie, feeling that this was a very perplexing part of the business.

"Oh!" continued Satan, balancing his chair upon its hind legs, and sharpening his claws with the Baillie's knife, "I will be very reasonable upon this point."

"That reassures me," said the Baillie. "The last, cost us sixty marks of gold; we will double this sum for the new one, and this is the highest offer we are able to make."

"What do you suppose I care for gold?" replied Satan, "I can make it when I desire it—wait a moment."

He took a live coal from the fire as one would take up a cake at a confectioner's.

"Hold out your hand," said he.

The Baillie hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," continued Satan,

And he placed in the hand of the Baillie an ingot of pure gold, as cool as if it had just been taken from the mine. The Baillie turned it over and over, and then offered it back.

"No, no, keep it," replied Satan, crossing his legs, with a self-satisfied air, "it is a present for you."

"I perceive," said the Baillie, putting the ingot in his purse, "that if it cost you so little trouble to manufacture gold, you desire to be paid in some other coin: but as I

cannot tell what would be most agreeable to you, please propose the conditions yourself."

Satan reflected a moment.

"It is my desire that the first soul that crosses the bridge I build, shall be mine."

"Agreed," said the Baillie.

"Prepare the agreement."

"Dictate it yourself."

The Baillie took a pen, ink, and paper, and prepared to write:—in five minutes all was completed. The instrument was signed by Satan, in his own name, and by the Baillie in behalf of the inhabitants he represented. His majesty agreed, formally, in this paper to build, the next night, a bridge which should last five hundred years; and the Baillie on his side, conceded in payment for the bridge the first soul which chance or necessity should carry across this diabolical improvisation.

At day-break, the next morning, the bridge was completed. The Baillie soon appeared on the road from Goschenen. He came to see if the devil had fulfilled his promise.

"You see that I am a man of my word," said Satan.

"And I, too," replied the Baillie.

"How, my dear Curtius," said the astonished demon, "do you intend to sacrifice yourself for the good of your citizens?"

"Not exactly," replied the Baillie, depositing upon the road, near the bridge, a bag, which he had carried on his shoulder, and which he was busily engaged in untying.

"What is that?" asked Satan, unable to imagine what he was about.

"Prrrrroooooou," cried the Baillie.

A dog, half frightened to death, started out with a piece of old stove pipe attached to his tail, and ran, howling, close to the feet of Satan, over the bridge.

"Ah! there is your soul; why don't you run after, monseigneur?"

Satan was furious: he had counted on the soul of a man, and was fain to content himself with that of a dog. However, he put a good face upon the matter, and pretended to enjoy the joke as much as the Baillie—but scarcely had the magistrate turned his back when he put himself tooth and nail to demolish the bridge, which he had built; he had, however, constructed it in such good faith that he turned back his claws, and broke out some of his teeth, without having been able to move a single stone. Suddenly he thought he distinguished the sound of an advancing crowd; he climbed upon a rock, and discovered the clergy of Goschenen, with cross elevated, and banner displayed, coming out to consecrate the "Devil's Bridge." Satan saw at once, that nothing more remained for him; he descended, sorrowfully, and encountering a poor cow in his way, caught her by the tail and hurled her down the precipice.

The Baillie of Goschenen was never heard to speak of the infernal architect; but the first time he put his fingers in his purse, he burnt them sharply; the ingot of gold was transformed again into the burning coal.

The bridge lasted, as Satan promised, five hundred years. A new bridge has stolen its name, but the old one is still remaining by its side.

WORLDLY CARES.

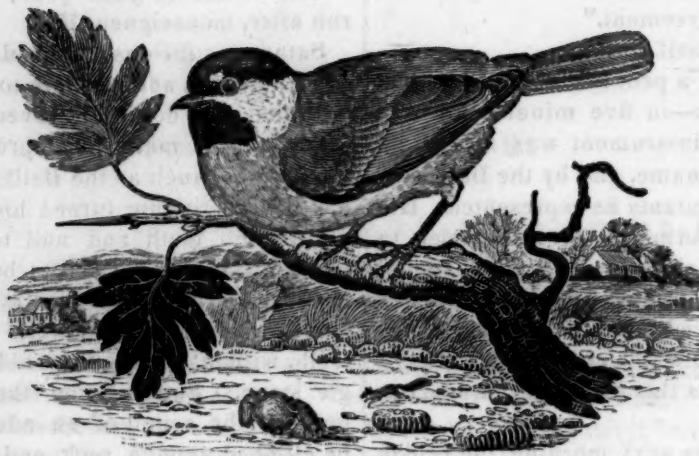
BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

The waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lighly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave:
Those billows in their ceaseless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently, as they murmur by,

Scarce lift the drooping flower;
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find;
Till altered thoughts and hearts grow cold,
The change of passing years unfold.



For the Ladies' Magazine.

BIRDS AND SONG.—No. II.

THE TITMOUSE, OR CHICADEE.

THIS lively, chattering, busy body among birds, has found few poets to celebrate his praises. A cousin of his in England, the Blue-Cap, has called forth a tribute from the cheerful pen of that pure lover of nature, Mary Howitt, which will be found pleasant reading :

THE TITMOUSE, OR BLUE-CAP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE merry titmouse is a comical fellow ;
He weareth a plumage of purple and yellow,
Barred over with black, and with white interlaced ;—
Depend on 't, the titmouse has excellent taste.

And he, like his betters of noble old blood,
Keeps up, with great spirit, a family feud ;
A feud with the owl ;—and why would you know ?
An old, by-gone quarrel of ages ago :—

Perhaps in the ark might be taken offence,—
But I know not, indeed, of the where and the whence ;
Only this is quite true,—let them meet as they may,
Having quarreled long since, they would quarrel to-day.

But we'll leave them to settle this ancient affair,
And now look at his nest, made with exquisite care,
Of lichen, and moss, and the soft downy feather,
And the web of the spider to keep it together.

Is a brick out of place by your window ?—don't send
For the man with the trowel the fracture to mend ;

Through the dry months of summer just leave it
alone,
For the poor little titmouse has made it his own.

Peep in, now, and look at that wonderful labor,
And be glad to have near you so merry a neighbor ;
His work unto him is no trouble—behold
For one moment his motions, so tricky and bold.

How he twists, how he turns with a harlequin grace ;
He can't lift a feather without a grimace ;
He carries the moss in his bill with an air,
And he laughs at the spider he robs of his lair.

See his round, burley head, that is like a friar Tuck,
And his glancing black eye, that is worthy of Puck ;
Saw you ever a merrier creature than he ?
Oh, no !—make him welcome as welcome can be.

His nest now is finished with fine cobweb thread,
And the eggs are laid in it, white, speckled with red ;
Now knock at the wall, or rap loud on the pane,
Hark ! what is that rapping so briskly again ?

'T is the blithe mother-bird, all alive and alert,
As her mate, every whit, is she comic and pert :
Rap you once, she raps twice ; she has nothing to do
But to keep her eggs warm, and be neighborly too.

Oh, what ! did you say that the titmouse was stealing,
That he ate your pear-buds while he shammed to be
reeling,

And nipped off the apricot-bloom in his fun ?—
And that shortly you'll end his career with a gun !

Oh! hold back your hand, 't were a deed to repent;
Of your blame the poor fellow is quite innocent.
Stand back for one moment—anon he'll be here,
He believes you his friend, and he thinks not of fear.

Here he comes! See how drolly he looketh askew;
And now hangs head downward; now glances on you.

Be not rash, though he light on your apricot-bough,
Though he touches a bud—there, he touches it now!

There, he's got what he wanted, and off he has flown!

Now look at the apricot-bud,—is it gone?

Not the apricot-bud,—but the grub that was in it!
You may thank him—he does you a service each minute.

Then love the poor titmouse, and welcome him too,
Great beauty there is in his yellow and blue;
He's a fine cheerful fellow—so let him be free
Of your garden—to build in your wall or your tree.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

PASSAGE UP LAKE GEORGE.

BY O. H. COSTELL.

LIGHT moves the boat upon the lake;
'Tis morning's early hour,
And scarce the slumbering zephyrs wake
To fan the mountain flower.
Silent and bright the waters lie
Beneath Heaven's summer canopy;
The towering hills, with forests crown'd,
That hem the lonely lake around,
Its lovely bosom bright and blue,
Pictures like polish'd mirror true.
And as the vapors slowly rise,
Like veil from peerless beauty's eyes,
A hundred Isles with dew-drops wet,
That glitter in the morning sun,
Like diamond-gems in emerald set,
Greet the glad vision one by one.

On moves the boat—no breeze—no tide—
No bars the tranquil lake divide;
Yet the gay fabric passes by
Mountain and island gracefully;
'Tis Fulton's magic; yet by eye
Unpractised in such mystery,
As phantom might the bark be view'd,
Careering here in solitude.

Man's restless spirit stands subdued,
'Mid nature's sterner solitude.
The boundless wood—the silent shore
By countless ages wander'd o'er—
The mountains and the rocks that stand
Like guardian giants of the land;
While at their feet the mimic sea
Sleeps on like cradled infancy—
All breathe enchantment, and a spell
Where purer, holier feelings dwell,
That bid the astonish'd wanderer pause
And bow before the Almighty cause.—
His fever'd spirit feels a balm;
The chastened wish comes gently o'er him,
That oftner thus his soul were calm
And peaceful as the scene before him.

15*

Not always thus hath tranquil been
This wild and lonely mountain scene,—
Yon fort, upon whose rugged brow
Fantastic wreaths of wild-flowers grow,
Though all in ruins now, and rude,
Tells of the past—of deadly feud!

When struggling freedom first unfurl'd
Her banner o'er the western world,
Her stripes and stars were strangely seen
To mingle here with wild-wood green;
And 'mid her native mountains flew,
Columbia's Eagle proud and true;
Nor quail'd when 'mid defiance high
The "Lion Standard" met the eye,
And bade the cannon's thunders wake
The slumbering echoes of the lake.
When dancing plumes and helmets proud
Around the rival banners crowd;
And rifle's crack, and savage yell
Told where the fated victim fell;
While martial music loud and long
Join'd chorus with the mad'ning throng;
Still did Columbia's patriot band
Cling to their banner and their land,
Though freedom's bark was tempest-toss'd
And fearful oft was triumph's cost.

'Tis o'er—and all the deadly fray
Like morning mist has pass'd away.
The slayer and the slain are gone—
Still'd is the trumpet's thrilling tone—
The loud command, the signal true,
From rank to rank that hurrying flew,
Are hush'd, and all is silent now
On forest, lake, and mountain brow.

'Tis thus time's current hurries by,
Regardless of our pageantry.
The wave that bears conflicting life
Relentless closes o'er its strife;
And parted scenes of pomp and pride
Leave scarce a ripple on its tide.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CLERGYMAN.

(Concluded.)

"A DEAR bought triumph, I fear," was my solemnly spoken reply, as Mr. Enfield paused in his narrative. "No man ever banished the Bible from his house, who did not sooner or later in life see reason to repent the act. Has your wife been happier since your triumph? I am sure she has not. Have you given her any thing in place of a reliance upon her Bible that can support her now—now, when life beats feebly in her pulses. Ah! no. Depend upon it, my friend, yours was a great mistake."

"It may be all as you say," he returned, gloomily. "But that is yet to be seen. However, to proceed. For a time after Anna gave up her religion, and threw herself upon me for guidance, we glided along over life's waters, like a boat on the bosom of a placid lake. The atmosphere around us was clear and bracing. We were happy.

"Shortly after this period, she blessed me with a sweet image of herself in miniature. From the time the babe was born, I thought I perceived a change in her. I could hardly tell, at first, in what this consisted. After a while, I found her less disposed to join me when I spoke of the absurdities that were contained in what was called Revelation. This made me feel uneasy, and I set myself to complete fully the work I had thought already done. She did not attempt to oppose what I advanced, but gently acquiesced in all I said. In this acquiescence there was something passive, and altogether unlike her; for her mind was naturally strong, active, enquiring and independent. I have since thought, that the reason of this change was to be explained by the fact that she had become a mother. This may only be an idea. But it is certain that Anna was much changed in some way from the day her first-born saw the light.

"As her little namesake gradually put off the babe, and grew up into a bright, happy, beautiful child, our hearts centred their affec-

tions upon her as upon an idol. We lost much of the relish we had felt for philosophical speculations, delighting, when together, more in sporting with our child, or conversing about the development of her mind in the future, and how much delight it would give us to train the tender plant, and guard its buds and blossoms as they put forth to the sun.

"Anna had attained her third year with but little sickness—none in fact to seriously alarm us. Her mind had opened rapidly in that time. She talked plainly, and comprehended things really above her years. She evinced, likewise, a talent for music—catching almost any simple air the first or second time she heard it, and singing the words to which it was set, after hearing them repeated for a few times. We were proud of her—but our love was stronger than our pride.

"I came home one evening a few days after her third birth day, and found my wife in much alarm. Anna had drooped about during the afternoon, and was now quite sick. I laid my hand upon her forehead and found it quite hot. She was asleep but restless; moaning, and grinding her teeth together. A thrill passed through my frame. I was suddenly and strangely alarmed. Pausing only to ask a few questions, I hurried away for a physician. He did not get to see our child for an hour after I had left a message for him at his office. During that time, we remained in agitated suspense, scarcely leaving for a moment our place beside the dear one's bed. The doctor came at last and examined the case. To our anxious enquiries, he made but brief and unsatisfactory replies. He hoped, however, that the child would be better by morning. Medicine was left, and careful directions given to have it punctually administered at stated periods. Neither my wife nor myself closed our eyes during the whole of that night, through every anxious hour of which the fever continued to rage with unabated violence.

But I will not minutely relate all that transpired both externally and internally during the next ten days, at the end of which time our child died. Ah, sir! that was the most painful trial I ever experienced. That event made me conscious, that, while I was proud of my rational system of philosophy, I could find in it nothing upon which to lean in such a fearful bereavement. My child had passed from me—but whither? Did she still live? If so, what was her condition? Or, was death an extinction of being? To none of these questions did my system give any answer. It was a philosophy very good in life, but did not pretend to reach its far seeing glance into the invisible world. As for my wife, this affliction prostrated her to the earth both in mind and body. Months passed before her crushed heart resumed its equable movements; before her bruised spirit regained any thing of its former cheerfulness.

“Where do you think our dear little Anna is?” she said to me one day, nearly six months after the child’s death, the tears standing in her eyes as she put the question.

“I shook my head mournfully, without replying.

“In heaven, with the angels, I should say, if I could believe as once I did,” she added.

“But of that no one knows,” I returned, quickly.

“Wouldn’t it be a blessed thing to know that, dear?” she said, earnestly. “Oh, if I could only be certain where she was—certain that there was a heaven and she safely there, I could feel happy. Then I could bear the loss.”

“To be thus certain is impossible,” I replied.

“So we have thought and said, over and again. But the more I think about it now, the more it seems to me that there ought to be some method of determining this matter.”

“But there is none,” was my positive answer.

“This caused her to remain silent. But her words only tended to increase the earnest but unuttered desire I had felt, ever since the death of our child, to know its fate. Time passed on, and softened our grief into a pensive thoughtfulness. We were sadder beings, if not wiser. Our conversation rarely, now, turned upon those subjects that had once occupied so much of our attention. We no longer delighted in the negating and obliterating philosophy we had formerly indulged. That gave us no pleasure. Our minds turned, rather, in search of something upon which to build. We wanted some affirmations. Some

certainities—no matter what they were. German rationalism, with the doctrine of human perfectibility though the mere effort of reason, attracted, at this time, much of our attention. For two years we studied and endeavored to live by its precepts: but they were finally set aside as containing no true life. They had not advanced us one step.

“Another child smiled upon our union. We were again happy: but it was a more sober and trembling happiness. Our first loss made us fearful. After the illness attendant upon the birth of this child, my wife did not regain her usual condition of health. She took cold easily, suffered most of the time from great prostration of strength, especially in the morning, and had, frequently, sudden attacks of hoarseness, with cough and pain in the side. This was accompanied by lowness of spirits. At the end of a year, she gradually gained over this. Her skin had a fresher glow, her eye was brighter, and her mind much more cheerful. Our child, though not so forward and sprightly as the one we had lost, was very dear to us—was, in fact, our whole world. We loved nothing, truly, but our babe.

“Little Grace was just one year old when we came to this city, which offered a wider scope for my talents than the one in which I had resided. Three months after, we had another, to us, terrible visitation. Death came once more into our midst. The idol of our hearts was torn from our clinging arms, and buried up in the cold, dark, damp earth!”

Enfield paused, and shuddered as he said this. In a little while he resumed, his voice changed, so as to sound to my ear very mournful.

“I have but little more to tell. That shock was too much for my poor wife. Her health, that had shown some signs of awakening vigor, gradually went back again from that time. The liability to take cold easily; the consequent attacks of cough and sudden hoarseness; the extreme lassitude from which she had suffered, all returned. Medical aid failed to reach her case. The uncertainty resting over the fate of our children was dreadful to her. Grace had been dead nearly a year, and my wife’s first deep grief at her loss had given way to a pensive, musing state of mind, from which none of the former intellectual delights in which we had indulged could arouse her, when she said to me, one Sunday morning, laying her hand upon my arm, and looking me with a tender, appealing expression in the face—

“You remember, Henry, the funeral of Mrs. P——?”

"Yes," I returned, in some surprise.

"And also Mr. R——, the minister who performed the dead-service?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," she continued, "that since that time I have had a great desire to hear Mr. R—— preach. Won't you go with me to his church, this morning? Do, dear! I will think it such a favor."

"I could not refuse this request, made in the spirit that it was. So I told her to get ready and we would go. I felt strangely when I came into your church. Just as I had felt, years before, on placing myself in like circumstances. I do not think you said any thing, however, that affected my mind, as truth should affect it. All seemed like assumption, fanaticism, and sheer nonsense. Nor was Anna as much gratified as she had expected to be. She appeared, in fact, disappointed. She evidently had heard something drop from your lips at the funeral, that she anxiously desired to have confirmed; and I suppose, whatever it was, you did not again allude to it. I smiled at some of your positions and arguments, and held one or two of them up to her mind as ridiculously untenable. She did not, however, either join or oppose me. For two or three more Sundays, we attended your service. Since that time ill-health has prevented my wife from going out. She has declined rapidly, very rapidly. I am startled, every day, at the new evidences of failing strength that I perceive. The doctor is evidently baffled. He looks more and more serious at each recurring visit. Already there have been two consultations upon her case, with several changes of treatment; but the disease has not been even temporarily checked in its fearful progress. Looking, as she has done, to death as a speedy result, her mind has fallen into a painfully anxious state about the future. It is, as you know, on this account that she has asked you to visit her. If you can give her any thing upon which her mind may rest in confidence, do so in the name of Him whose servant you call yourself. If you have the truth, open it up to her, and my heart shall bless you with its most fervent blessings.

"Ah, sir, to have two dear children taken away, and to feel conscious that a few weeks, perhaps a few days, will remove from your side, forever it may be, your wife, dearer loved than all, makes the disbeliever in all revelations from God, pause and reflect. To be certain, sir, that even the little which we find revealed in the Bible about an invisible world—a spiritual world, inhabited by disembodied souls—were true, would make me compara-

tively happy. But to let my wife and children—my high minded, intelligent, pure-hearted wife; and my sweet children, with intellects just opening to the light of truth, go from me into the dark region, with the deepest gloom and uncertainty around them, oppresses my soul almost unto death itself.

"But forgive me for having occupied you so long, and for the intrusion of this history upon you. For the sake of her who is the principal party in it, I know you will pardon me."

Then rising, he said—

"May I, or rather may my wife hope to see you as early as to-morrow?"

"Yes," I replied, "I will see her then, and as frequently as may be desired. And if I can succeed in brightening up both her horizon and yours, I shall receive my highest reward in the delight the performance of that will give me."

He then retired. It was on the afternoon of the next day that I called to see Mrs. Enfield, and found her alone. She had, I could perceive, failed much since I last saw her. Instead of reclining upon a sofa, she was in bed, half raised into a sitting posture by pillows. One sight made my heart beat quicker. It was that of the Bible I had given her, lying open beside her on the bed. There was a calmer expression, and a milder light in her face than when I had before seen her. She smiled feebly, and extended her hand as I came up to her.

"You are not so well to-day, I fear?" I remarked as I took her hand.

"No—not so well in body, but calmer in mind," she replied; "why, I can hardly tell, unless it be from the reading of this book," laying her hand upon the Bible. "Strange, that I have not been able to read a page of it, without becoming so blinded by tears that I could not see! It does not appear to me like the same book it used to be. Sometimes I so far lose my consciousness of the present, that I almost believe myself a little child, reading over its beautiful, love-fraught passages, at my mother's knee."

"No other book, as you have before said, ever affected you like this?"

"No—no other book."

"Because," I added, "this is unlike all other books. It is God's Word, and he is ever present in it, and to those who read it in simplicity and innocence, he is present with pure, interior delights.

The substance of our whole interview I cannot record. She was, I plainly saw, near to death; disease had taken deep hold upon her, ever and anon disturbing the evenness of her

thoughts and obscuring her mind. In such a state, there could not possibly be that perfect freedom and rationality which is required before any one can distinctly see and fully adopt a truth. Her state could not be, I felt, really changed, so as to affect it, when she passed into the spiritual world. But I saw that she had been a lover and seeker after truth—I saw that she had lived in obedience to all moral laws, and had a love of good for its own sake in her heart,—and these I knew would be accepted by Him who regards every state of innocence, and loves every state of good in his creatures, no matter how far they may have erred in their search after truth. I therefore left her mind undisturbed by any dogmas of faith, contenting myself with leading her constantly to make the Word, in which she found so much to give peace, her constant companion. Beyond this, she did not, after our first interview, seem much disposed to go. Her mind gradually lost its intellectual acuteness as her body wasted, until, at the end of four weeks, she sunk quietly into the sleep of death. During that period, I visited her constantly; but never once attempted to disturb her by questions in regard to faith, that I knew it to be impossible for her mind, in its enfeebled state, to comprehend. I was content to leave her with Him, in his Holy Word, who never judges harshly—who ever saves the good in all. To that Word she clung to the last; when she could no longer read it herself, she would ask her husband to read it for her. At every visit, I read also. She never seemed to tire of this. It was water, indeed, to her thirsty soul.

At last death came, and she resigned herself calmly into his arms. Mr. Enfield stood sternly by, with folded hands, and looked down upon her as the last few shudders of dissolution passed through her frame, and then turned away with a face of horror and despair. I never saw such a face—I never wish to see such a face again. I followed him into the next room and tried to speak some words of comfort.

"She is at rest," I said, "no more pain, no more sorrow, no more doubt shall cross her peaceful breast!"

"At rest, where?" he asked in a quick, harsh, interrogating voice.

"In Heaven, I trust."

"Where is Heaven? Have you ever been there, or seen any one who can tell you about the place?"

"Be calm, my dear sir," I said, laying my hand gently upon him.

"That does not answer my question," he sternly responded; "She is gone, and you say she is in Heaven. How do you know? Who told you? Prove to me that she is there—if such a place exists—or any where else, and I will go to her, if I have to pass the same gate through which she has just passed. Are my children there also? You will say yes, I know. You all say the dead go to Heaven. But I don't know."

Oh! I cannot give an idea of the mournfulness with which the last short sentence was spoken. As soon as it was uttered, the bereaved man covered his face with his hands, and staggering back upon a chair, remained silent for many minutes. But his mind was strongly agitated, for his frame, I could see, as its outline was strongly marked in the light that came through a window, trembled from head to foot. At length he looked up, his face still harrowing in its expression of despair, and said—

"I would like to be alone, sir."

I felt that it was not good for him to be alone in his state of mind, and yet, I did not feel that I could intrude upon his grief when he had expressly desired me to leave him. I therefore went down stairs, after taking his hand, and earnestly entreating him to look up for comfort in this dreadful hour, and whispered to one of his friends my fears in regard to him, and enjoined upon him not to suffer him to be alone for a moment if it could be helped. We all started at that moment, and for myself every hair stood on end, and a sudden thrill like an electric shock passed through my nerves, as a loud, but only half human cry came from the chamber I had just left. We rushed, tumultuously up the stairs, expecting, no one knew what. On entering the room, we found Enfield in the middle of the floor, with a countenance as little human as the cry he had uttered. When he saw us enter, he sprang towards the window and attempted to throw himself out. But we seized him, and to restrain his violence, were compelled to bind him fast. His cries were awful, and continued, with his struggles to release himself, until his friends were compelled to remove him to the Hospital. He saw not the wasted remains of her he had so loved, consigned to their dreary abode. It was a sad, very sad funeral, and I returned from it with a heavy heart.

June 18.—I have seen Mr. Enfield to-day. He has been passive and melancholy for a week; but still, there is no return of reason. The physicians hope, from the subsidence of his wild, excited state of mind into one more

quiet, that a change for the better is near at hand.

July 10.—Enfield is still out of his mind; but very calm.

August 20.—This morning, I was startled to see a pale, sad, anxious looking man, who, at a second glance, I recognized as Mr. Enfield, enter during divine worship. He seated himself in the same pew he had months before occupied with his wife, and listened attentively to all I said. This is the first intimation I have had of his return to reason.

Every Sabbath, since his first appearance, he has come in regularly and listened with

great attention. Once I called to see him, but he seemed shy of me and embarrassed, and would not enter into conversation. I have since thought it best not to intrude upon him. It is now many months since he left the hospital. There is evidently a gradual change in progress. His face is not so pale as it was, nor so rigidly sad in its expression. I often see a light kindling in his eye as I enunciate some truth, and perceive that when I read the Word, he listens with deep attention. These are good signs. He will yet have cause, I trust, to bless the hand that has so deeply afflicted him.

STANZAS TO A SISTER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless wishes from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

Ay, mark the strain, sweet Sister! watch and pray—
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly things:

Oh! wait not thou till life's blest morning ray
Only o'er withered hopes its radiance flings;
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit now,
Ere sorrow's tracery mar the placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art—yet is thy soul
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,
Sweet phantasies, that mock at thought's control,
Like atoms round thee float, in fancy's beams;
But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee—
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams—thy gentle heart,
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one, to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest too of happiness—the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well:
Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell,
And they who hear the frequent half-hushed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain are all such visions!—couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,—
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine;
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,
There hope's fair flowers in votive garlands
twine,
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

If we want meat till we die, then we die of
that disease, and there are many worse.

THE adder teaches us where to strike by her
curious and fearful defending of her head.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ALGERON was a merchant. All through a long summer day he had been engaged among boxes, bales, and packages; or poring over accounts current; or musing over new adventures. When night came, he retired to his quiet chamber, and refreshed his wearied mind with music and books. Poetry and the harmony of sweet sounds, elevated his sentiments, and caused him to think, as he had often before thought, of the emptiness and vanity of mere earthly pursuits.

"In what," he said, "am I wasting my time? Is there any thing in the dull round of mercantile life, to satisfy an immortal spirit? What true congeniality is there between the highly gifted soul, and bales of cotton or pieces of silk? Between the human mind and the dull insensible objects of trade? Nothing! Nothing! How sadly do we waste our lives in the mere pursuit of gold! And after the glittering earth is gained, are we any happier? I think not. The lover of truth—the wise, contemplative hermit in his cell, is more a man than Algeron!"

Thus mused the merchant, and thus he gave utterance to his thoughts—sighing as he closed each sentence. The book that he loved was put aside—the instrument from which his skilful hand drew eloquent music, lay hushed upon a table. He was unhappy. He had remained thus for some time, when the door of his room opened, and a beautiful being entered and stood before him. Her countenance was calm and elevated; yet full of sweet benevolence. For a moment she looked at the unhappy merchant, then extending her hand, she said—

"Algeron, I have heard your complaints. Come with me, and look around with a broader intelligence."

As she spoke, she laid her finger upon the

eyes of the young man. Arising, he found himself in the open air, walking by the side of his strange conductor, along a path that led to a small cottage. Into this they entered. It was a very humble abode—but peace and contentment were dwellers in the breasts of its simple minded occupants—an aged female, and a little girl. Both were engaged with reels of a curious and somewhat complicated construction; and both sung cheerily at their work. A basin of cocoons on the floor, by each of the reels, told Algeron the true nature of their employment. A small basket of fine and smoothly reeled spools were upon a table. While the merchant still looked on, a man entered and after bargaining for the reeled silk, paid down the price, and carried it away. A few minutes after, the owner of the cottage came. He asked for his rent, and it was given to him. Then he retired. Shortly after a dealer in provisions stopped at the humble dwelling, and liberally supplied the wants of its occupants. He received his pay, and drove off, singing gaily, while the old woman and the child looked contented and happy.

"Come," said his conductor, and Algeron left the cottage. The scene had changed. He was no longer in the open country, but surrounded by small houses. It was a village. Along the streets of this, they walked for some time, until they came to a store, which they entered. Standing beside the counter, was the same man who had bought the cottager's silk. He had many parcels, which he had collected from many cottages; and now he was passing them over to the store keeper, who was as ready to buy as he was to sell.

"Another link in the great chain," remarked the mysterious companion, significantly. "See how they depend the one upon the other. Can the hermit in his cell, idly musing about

truths that will not abide—(for truth is active; is, in fact the power by which good is done to our fellows, and will not remain with any one who does not use it—) thus serve his fellows! Is his life more excellent—more honorable, more in accordance with the high endowments of the soul than the life of him who engages in those employments by which all are benefited?"

Algeron felt that new light was breaking in upon him. But, as yet, he saw dimly.

"Look up," continued his companion, "and see yet another link."

The merchant raised his eyes. The scene had again changed. The village had become a large town, with ranges of tall buildings, in which busy hands threw the shuttle, weaving into beautiful fabrics of various patterns, the humble fibres gathered from hundreds of cottages, farm-houses, and cocooneeries, in all the region roundabout. Through these he wandered with his guide. Here was one tending a loom, there another folding, arranging, or packing into cases the products thereof; and at the head of all was the manufacturer himself.

"Is his a useless life?" asked the guide. "Is he wasting the high endowments of an immortal mind in thus devoting himself to the office of gathering in the raw material and re-producing it again, as an article of comfort and luxury? But see!—Another has presented himself. It is the merchant. He has come to receive from this man the product of his looms, and send them over the world, that all may receive, and enjoy them. Are his energies wasted? No, Algeron! If the merchant were not to engage in trade, the manufacturer could not get his goods to market, and would no longer afford the means of subsistence that he now does to hundreds and thousands who produce the raw material. Without him, millions who receive the blessings furnished by nature and art in places remote from their city or country, would be deprived of many comforts, of many delights. The agriculturalist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan—all who are engaged in the various callings that minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of life, are honorably employed. Society, in all its

parts, is held together by mutual interests. A chain of dependencies binds the whole world together. Sever a single link, and you effect the whole. Look below you. As a merchant, your position is intermediate between the producer and the consumer. See how many hundreds are blessed with the reception of nature's rich benefits, through your means. Could this take place, if you sought only after abstract truth, in idle, dreamy musings? Cease, then, to chafe yourself by fallacious reasonings. Rather learn to feel delight in the consciousness that you are the means of diffusing around you many blessings. Think not of the gold you are to gain, as the end of your activity; for so far as you do this, you will lose the true benefits that may be derived from pursuing, with diligence, your calling in life—that for which by education you are best qualified—and into which your inclination leads you."

"I see it all now, clear as a sunbeam," Algeron said, with a sudden enthusiasm, as light broke strongly into his mind. The sound of his own voice, startled him with its strangeness. For a moment he seemed the centre of a whirling sphere. Then all grew calm, and he found himself sitting alone in his chamber.

"Can all this have been but a dream?" he murmured, thoughtfully. "No—no—it is more than a dream. I have been taught, not by a mere phantom of the imagination, but by Truth herself—beautiful Truth. Her lovely countenance I shall never forget, and her words shall rest in my heart like apples of gold on pictures of silver. Henceforth I look upon life with a purified vision. Nothing is mean, nothing is unworthy of pursuit that ministers to the good of society. On this rock I rest my feet. Here I stand upon solid ground."

From that time, Algeron pursued his business as a merchant, with renewed activity. The thought that he was ministering, in his sphere, to the good of all around him, was a happy thought. It cheered him on in every adventure, and brought to his mind, in the hour of retirement, a sweet peace, such as he had never before known. Fully did he prove, that the consciousness of doing good to others brings with it the purest delight.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BLOND HAIR.

From the French of M. Michel.

"YES," said the Doctor, "there are in life phases of weariness and discouragement, which, unfortunately, when not combated, often terminate in thoughts of self-destruction. This malady is most frequently developed at the commencement of real life—that is, from the age of twenty-one to twenty-five—a period in which occurs a transition from theory to the practice of life, and a dangerous period it is. The mind awakens, and ideas pass, or rather fall from the fairy palaces of the imagination, to the plain and sometimes wretched tenements of reality. Very young persons, who, after their first studies, are thrown into the crucible of active employment, do not experience this rough transformation; they become acquainted with the plain realities of life before their brains have had time to produce a world, seemingly a thousand times more beautiful than the divine creation itself. But the position of the young man, who has, idly, exhausted the leisure of his youth, and who, after having walked for many years on the velvet moss of illusions, comes suddenly, to find that he treads upon deceitful ground, is perilous in the extreme. He sees his hopes fall, one by one, like the leaves of autumn:—the tree is renewed in the spring, but the bright dreams of youth once passed away, never return.

"I passed through this perilous stage and was only saved by the intervention of a merciful Providence, from self-destruction. I am now fifty-five years of age, but was once brought by my own madness, to the border of the tomb. What do you suppose prevented me from leaping down into the water from the Notre Dame bridge, whither I had gone with the determination to end my existence, and enabled me to live thirty good years longer, and which enables me at this moment to relate to you the circumstances of my intended suicide?"

"What could it have been, doctor?"

"Here, my friends, look for yourselves."

The doctor, with these words, opened a ring

which he wore on his little finger, and asked, laughing:

"What do you see there?"

"Why nothing at all," said his disappointed friends, whose curiosity had been highly excited.

"How! nothing? look closely—it ought to be there!"

"Ah, yes! I think I am able to distinguish a hair."

"That is it."

"A blond hair."

"Precisely."

"A hair of a female."

"You are right."

"What! Doctor, a simple hair—"

"Has been my savior, the cause of my fortune and the little celebrity I enjoy. Judge, then, whether I should prize my hair!"

And the doctor carefully closed his ring, after having pressed to his lips his precious talisman. We urged him to tell us the history, and the good doctor made the following relation:—

"In 1810, at twenty-five years of age, having finished my medical studies, and, furnished with my diploma, bid adieu to the Latin quarter, I established myself in the third story of a house in the Rue des Prouvaires. My resources were very scanty: the trifling sum which my poor mother had been able to send me, by curtailing her own small revenue, had been entirely absorbed in the purchase of the modest furniture of my office, and the scientific books which are indispensable to the sanctuary of a new Esculapius.

"My mother, with her innocent provincial ideas, felt no uneasiness about my future. I had, thanks to her sacrifices, completed the term of my long and laborious studies; I was, now, a Doctor in Medicine and Surgery of the Faculty of Paris: my fortune was made—my future was assured; patients would flock to my home, and with patients, riches, renown and honors! Poor woman! She saw me already seated in a professor's chair; her

letters were golden dreams, magnificent hopes, which, to her, seemed so near their accomplishment, that she saw them realised, and could touch them with her finger.

"I partook, also, during the last months of my studies, of these hallucinations: of these deceptive fruits of the inexperience of life. It seemed to me, during the ardent watches consecrated to the composition of my thesis, that I had almost reached the end; that, once invested with the right to cure sick people, they would hasten to me to put to the proof my learning.

"The day on which I took possession of my new dwelling, I really believed myself an important personage. It seemed to me that the reception of a new member in the *docto corpore*, was an event of public interest, and that every one would say, as I passed: 'There goes a young doctor, full of merit and science.' I took my seat in my office, not daring to go out during the day, for fear of doing injustice to the numerous patients who would, without doubt, come to consult me—but the obscurity of the night was my only visiter. At last I determined to go to bed, but made every effort to resist the approaches of sleep, for fear I might not hear the sound of the night bell, which was at the foot of the alcove in which my bed was placed, and which communicated with the front door. The cursed bell allowed me to sleep soundly, and I was only awakened by a ray of the sun, which, as if to mock me, glanced upon my closed eyelids at ten o'clock in the morning.

"My illusion, however, did not continue very long. A deep disgust seized me, when I found that, instead of the great man I believed myself, I was poor and unknown; and should be obliged to humble myself and resort to shameful charlatanism if I wished to spread my name and find patients. The atmosphere of selfishness in which I found myself, suffocated me. My pride increased with my misery; I would have blushed to solicit protection and support, and patrons, you may be sure, did not present themselves.

"Some friends had remained attached to me, after I left the Latin quarter; but I saw them, first, neglect, and then desert me altogether. One was rich, and I easily understood his increasing coldness: the want which had come upon me frightened his avarice and menaced his purse with a loan which he wished to avoid. Another, an indefatigable solicitor, at last, obtained a place and had left Paris to fill it. A third had married, and shut himself up in his house with all the savage austerity of a converted libertine. A fourth

abandoned me outright, because he saw that my dreams of glory were not likely to be realised; a parasitic instinct directed him towards those only, whose reputation was either dawning, or already attained, and repelled him from all who were suffering or struggling under discouraging circumstances.

"I remained thus, in the midst of the great city, buried in my insignificance, without the power, or rather the will, to contend against those obstacles which always present themselves at the commencement of a professional career. In proportion as my situation became more desperate, the letters of my mother grew more radiant with joy and maternal pride; her dreams continued, and followed all the phases of an imaginary career. I was careful not to destroy this bright illusion, which shed rays of happiness upon my mother's last days—my answers sustained her error. I embellished the romance which she had created, with all the beauties I supposed would add to her joy. Poor, and in want, almost of the necessities of life, I made myself rich and opulent, and when I left my lodgings in the third story to mount to a miserable garret, I wrote that an un hoped for good fortune had enabled me to occupy a magnificent apartment from the beginning. My last twenty sous enabled me to pay the postage on a letter which declared me a millionaire.

"This pious fraud had, alas! a prompt termination! My poor mother died, thanking Heaven that her prayers were answered, and that the future of her beloved son was so well assured.

"This was followed by a fatal crisis to myself. My discouragement gave way to a dark misanthropy; I became the enemy of the whole world; of the ungrateful community which repaid so badly six years of labor and repugnant studies. I felt, in my heart, a ferocious hatred toward every body; toward my happy rivals, toward the indifferent, and toward myself. I broke roughly with pretended friends who seemed to receive me with a kindness too marked to be sincere; I shut myself closely in my garret and there, another cynic, I was able, at my ease, to launch bitter sarcasms against the human race, and to curse them freely. My books and furniture had been sold and were replaced by a wretched bed, a table and a chair; but this was enough, for I wished, henceforth, to be alone on the earth. I allowed no other visits than those of the woman who came every morning to shake up my mattress, and sweep my room; I listened to the conversation of no one but this gossiping, malicious old woman. In

my present humor I heard, with a kind of wicked pleasure, the slanders which fell to the share of every name that was on her envenomed tongue. The patience I displayed in listening to her, a thing to which she was not accustomed, conciliated the good will of Madame Pingot, and she, by a kind of tacit agreement, exacted no other pay for the little services she rendered me than complaisant attention to her slanders and calumnies.

"Man is a social being, and isolation from his kind soon brings with it a disgust of life. To me, who had studied so closely our physical frame, the mechanism of existence appeared so fragile, so miserable, that there was nothing frightful to my mind in the idea of voluntarily bringing its operations to a close. The analyses of the clinique are incompatible with the utopias of metaphysics; and this monstrous paradox, which seems to satisfy many physicians in the denial of the soul, and which I had more than once refuted, then appeared to me full of justice and logic. 'We have never seen,' say they, 'at the moment when all the phenomena of death are accomplished, the soul escape from the body; therefore, we deny the existence of the soul.'

"This most absurd blasphemy of materialism served as a basis for the new opinions, which brought me to a criminal resolution. I resolved to die. I allowed myself a month to prepare for this consummation, and during the intervening period I recalled all the sophisms written or diffused through society in favor of suicide. Although I determined upon this delay, it was not that I felt any fear or hesitation; I only desired to satisfy my reason and to justify my will by the proofs I might be able to collect during this interval of thirty days. I first asked myself if it were not my misery which degraded, in my eyes, the real value of life, but my pride assured me on that point. I examined the future in every point of view; I thought of life in connexion with opulence, renown; and all the chimeras which men pursue under the name of happiness; but the most delightful existence, possible, appeared to me contemptible and unworthy the ambition of any one. I saw years fly away, rapidly bringing old age, decrepitude, infirmity and death, which holds itself ever before the pathway of the rich as a bugbear, and as a beacon of consolation to the poor. Where is the use of passing through so many ills? I asked myself. Is it not much better to cease to exist before any thing is known of them? What wisdom is there in exposing one's self to the miseries of a long voyage, when it is in one's power to repose before the fatigue has

been undergone? I then looked upon the pitiful human beings who consented to live out their time, as poor fools, to drag, stupidly, their ball and chain for so many years, when it was in their power to clear their prison door at a single bound. The hatred which I entertained for them resolved itself into a disdainful compassion. I smiled with pity as I descended into the street to see this imbecile crowd take so much trouble and care, and apparently feel so much solicitude to prolong the miseries of a life which I was about to quit calmly, without derangement, guided alone by the counsels of reason.

"Remark, my friends," continued the doctor, dropping the declamatory tone in which he had recited these extravagant reminiscences, "remark, if you please, that I was struck with the most inevitably mortal monomania of suicide. The symptoms in this alarming case seemed to present a favorable reaction: the patient had passed from the gloomy stage and had become gay, merry and joyous; a poor devil, who under the influence of great grief has conceived the idea of suicide, may be brought back to life by the feeblest light of hope, but he who laughs in contemplating death, is dead already—nothing short of a miracle can save him—that miracle occurred in my case.

"The day fixed upon for my departure from this world, arrived at last. Madame Pingot came as usual, at ten o'clock, to waken me. She placed near my bed, upon the only chair, my dilapidated garments, which she had carefully brushed.

"'Monsieur,' said she, 'do you not intend to have some fire in your stove? It is very cold this morning.'

"'We will see about it to-morrow, Madame Pingot.'

"'Very good! Ah! monsieur, it is time you began to think of getting a new coat; this one is beginning to laugh at the elbows—and a physician who goes with his elbows out—'

"'This will all be arranged to-morrow, Madame Pingot.'

"'Well, there is a sot of a tailor in the house, who will attend to this matter for you. I do not recommend him, it is true, in order that he may gain any thing by his labor, but because I know that whilst he is engaged in patching your elbows he will not be able to beat his poor little wife. Poor puss! she is constantly exposed to this fellow's brutality. However, to be just, her conduct is not altogether irreproachable—she is no saint, I am very sure.'

"'Madame Pingot—'

"'Apropos, I believe I have found a patient for you. That is a matter of some importance, because, as they say, the first brings a second, the second a third, and so on. You know your neighbor very well; that old woman, who receives an annuity, and who calls herself a widow—'

"'Is she sick?' I asked.

"'No, not herself—Ah! these old annuitants are never sick—it is her dog, her Azor.'

"'How! she wishes that I should—'

"'No! she did not desire me to speak to you; I thought I would propose it myself, and I am sure she will pay you well if you cure her dear Azor—a villainous beast, without training or manners, which I would like to see hanged. It is only my interest in you, doctor, who have so much need of practice.'

"'If my mind had been in a normal condition, I should, probably, have shown Madame Pingot outside the door; but I only laughed at her unconscious impertinence, and promised her I would visit the dog of my neighbor on the morrow.'

"'To-morrow! always to-morrow,' said Madame Pingot; 'you must have affairs of importance to occupy you to-day, monsieur!'

"'I have but one, my good dame, but it is important enough,' added I, gaily, 'to prevent me from thinking of any others.'

"'Ah! well! so much the better,' said the portress, misinterpreting my gaiety, 'it appears that your progress onward is commencing. It gives me pleasure to hear it.'

"'I dismissed Madame Pingot and, after dressing myself, very tranquilly, I took my departure, without leaving upon my table the least memento, or the least quatrain in the way of an epitaph; I had no regrets in passing from a world I despised.'

"'Madame Pingot had said truly; it was cold, biting cold. I shivered in my thin clothing, worn almost through by the brush; I had neither gloves nor cloak; I buttoned my coat to protect my breast, and thrusting my hands into my pockets, took my way to the Notre Dame bridge. Drowning is the only kind of suicide to be procured gratis—all other means of death were luxuries to me; the rope, charcoal, or powder and ball, were above my pecuniary means.'

"'I reached the bridge—I leaned down against the parapet and measured, with a curious eye, the height I should fall. The Seine carried down large pieces of ice which broke against the pillars of the old bridge. Some idlers observing me stop, attracted by curiosity, came up to my side to see what I was looking at. In the fear of being succored

after I was in the river, I did not wish any one to be near me when I took the final leap; I leaned my back against the wall and crossed my arms with impatience, to wait till all had gone away. In this attitude my eyes fell upon the right sleeve of my coat, and I perceived on it a hair. I took it up to throw it aside; but, as I held it between my fingers, I hesitated to open them and give it to the wind.

"'It was a beautiful, silky, blond hair, of a particular shade, approaching the color which painters generally give to the hair of Eve; it described a graceful spiral, indicating that it had escaped from a carefully curled ringlet. The fineness of the hair, and the graceful form it assumed, seemed to declare that it had belonged to a young and beautiful female.'

"'My physiological notions permitted me to draw from the inspection of the hair many conclusions, which, if not infallible, were at least of a probability recognised by science. Thus, from its shade and strength, I inferred that the owner was of a nervous and sanguine temperament; and, by analogy, that she had a fair skin, firm and smooth, colored with the freshness of health; eyes of an azure blue, with long, chestnut lashes; lighted up with a sweet vivacity under their well-arched brows.'

"'My imagination, so well pleased with this graceful fancy, did not care to relinquish it until it had completed the creation so complacently sketched. All the faculties concentrated upon this charming labor, created a being full of beauty and superhuman perfections. I, who had but a little while since, so pitifully refused a soul to myself, accorded one as beautiful and perfect as her body to this idol conceived in my distracted brain.'

"'My eyes were fixed upon the silken hair, but they saw and contemplated a beautiful and laughing young girl. My heart swelled with emotion, and my soul, as if awakened from a long and icy lethargy, appeared to bound within me with happiness and intoxication!'

"'At this moment I looked down upon the muddy waters which rolled and muttered beneath me, and I trembled with affright when I thought of the intention with which I had come to the Notre Dame bridge. 'Suicide!' cried I, 'No! life may yet be beautiful and happy when one is young and vigorous. Nothing is necessary to render it delightful but a determined resolution, labor and perseverance. To destroy life when one is miserable is an absurdity! Is it not insane to say that life is bitter before its honey has been tasted? How can we judge of a thing of which we

know nothing? Yes, I will endeavor to realise the bright dream of my mother; to become rich, loved, and honored; and in becoming useful to society, gain, not only the esteem of the world, but that of my own conscience.'

"These newly awakened reflections gave me courage to renounce my sinister intention of dying. I do not, my friends, use the word courage accidentally. There is in our vain nature a vile leaven of self-love, which prompts us to persevere to the end, in the accomplishment of some resolutions, even after we have discovered them to be culpable.

"But, as I have told you, my talisman performed the miracle which saved me.

"Whilst these thoughts were passing through my poor head, a moment ago so deranged, I had wound the hair, which shone like a ring of gold, around my finger, and leaving the Notre Dame bridge with great strides, reached the Rue des Prouvaires.

"When I again set my foot in my garret, I felt all those tender sensations which we experience in again viewing, after a long absence, a scene which associations of happiness have rendered dear, although in this place, I had undergone all my deep misery and deadly griefs. But after my recent impression, every ill was swallowed up in one feeling of happiness—that of existence.

"I deposited my talisman with great care in a little box, and then, placing my right hand upon the precious amulet which had restored me to life and virtue, swore that I would search without cessation for the female to whom the blond hair had belonged, and espouse her as my wife.

"You laugh, my friends," interrupted the Doctor, himself partaking of our mirth; "'here is an unfortunate lunatic imperfectly restored,' you will say; 'the first use he makes of his returning reason, is to commit an extravagance perfectly characteristic.' Have a little patience, and do not be in a hurry to consign me to the hospital.

"To have any hope of encountering my beauty with the blond hair, it became necessary for me to renounce my savage and misanthropic habits. It was not in my garret, whose only window, cut in the ceiling, looked down upon nothing but the roofs which were under it, that I was to expect my fairy to appear. It was necessary that I should go out into the world and attend the parties, soirees, and spectacles where I should be able to see ladies with their hair disengaged from the shackles of the bonnet. But how was I to attend these places! I was, literally, without a *sou*. Could I present myself in the *salons* in

my tattered habiliments! How then was I to accomplish my solemn and sacred vow!

"Thus I encountered in my first step an apparently insurmountable obstacle; I was, besides, assailed by hunger and cold. I was on the point of regretting my resurrection, and falling back into the slough of discouragement and despair from which I had just been rescued, when I recalled to mind the odd patient, which Madam Pingot had mentioned to me, the dog of the old annuitant, my neighbor.

"Ah!" cried I, "it is less disgraceful for a Doctor of the Faculty to cure a sick dog than to die of hunger!"

"I left my chamber, and struck resolutely at the door of my neighbor. The old lady, who met me herself, was about sixty-five years of age, and her countenance, full of delicacy and refinement, did not at all resemble the portrait which the odious Madame Pingot had more than once drawn of this respectable personage. Her manner and her language showed, at once, that she had been accustomed to good society, and had frequented the fashionable world.

"When I apprised her of the object of my visit, my neighbor was confounded, made a thousand excuses and protested that she had expressly forbid Madame Pingot from making such an improper demand of me. This excessive delicacy gave me room to insist upon seeing the *patient*. It is easy to conceive of the embarrassing position in which the good dame had been thrown by the portress with regard to me, and it became necessary for me to insist very strenuously to enable me to carry my point. She comprehended, doubtless, the imperious reason which rendered me so comically obstinate, for, at last, she consented to allow me to approach an arm chair upon which slept a beautiful spaniel. One of the paws of the little animal had been wounded by a carriage passing over it. I received ten francs for this first visit, and many others followed at the same price.

"My costume was soon renewed and, presented by the old dame, I saw the doors of the richest and noblest of the capital open to me.

"I was at no loss for invitations to balls, concerts, and parties; I sought diligently for the brothers of my blond hair; but of all the heads of blond hair that came under my notice, not a single one presented the peculiar shade of my talisman. The result of this fantastical search was to throw me in contact with the *glite* of Paris. I very soon obtained patients, which I cured as readily as the spaniel of my patroness, and my practice be-

coming good at once, I made every exertion to retain it. Some of my cures were remarked, and from that time my fortune was made. I became what is called a fashionable physician; a doctor of headaches and vapors; the most lucrative and least responsible practice in the range of the profession.

"Whilst, however, treating the indispositions of young Countesses and beautiful Marchionesses, I did not neglect serious studies, but penetrated more deeply, each day, into the infinite arcana of the medical science. My talisman had been placed as a relic in a ring which I constantly wore. Fortune seemed, now, to follow all my footsteps. I had some time since re-descended from my garret to the third story, and six years after I was able to take my position in the first, out of consideration to my fellows of the Academy of Medicine.

"Some officious friends had, many times, pressed me to marry, but I was inaccessible at this point. No one suspected the mystery of my obstinate celibacy. I always responded, when a brilliant offer was made: 'No, I have sworn fidelity to a blond hair.'

"On the day of my third removal, Madame Pingot came, as usual, to throw herself into the confusion, under pretext of assisting the servants and workmen. As she passed rapidly by me I felt a light tickling sensation upon my hand and, looking down, perceived a blond hair exactly like my talisman of the Notre Dame bridge. At the same instant I looked up, and discovered, with astonishment, that the honest portress, embellished her brow with a wig of blond hair.

"I was inclined, at first, to doubt the perfect identity which existed between my poetical hair and the wig of Madame Pingot; but I was compelled to renounce all poetry, for when it was examined scrupulously and conscientiously, (much to the astonishment of the portress,) I discovered the same peculiar shade for which I had so long and unsuccessfully sought.

"Should I be dissatisfied that Providence had used such an agent in prolonging my life and enabling me to obtain riches and reputation? For a moment I felt disappointed, but this feeling instantly gave way to a sentiment

of adoration for that Being, so great, so infinite, who, by the employment of the most trifling means, is able to accomplish the most important ends,

"I am, to-day, fifty-five years of age; if I have not tasted all the pleasures of existence, I have, at least, experienced some of them. The close of life with me, is now drawing near, but far from feeling it that gloomy period I had pictured to myself, it possesses a heavenly brightness. I look back upon the years I have passed with a lively satisfaction in the reflection that I have done some good, and that I have been instrumental in lightening more than one heavy heart. But what renders it most delightful is, that I am now enabled to look forward to the enjoyment of another life, where misery shall be unfelt, and which shall have no termination. Need I say that my ideas of suicide have not changed since the day I left the Notre Dame bridge? I think now that we were not placed here to pass a life of uselessness, and that our existence has a purpose which is easily comprehended by the properly directed mind.

"There, my friends, is the history of my blond hair. It was that which prevented me from terminating, at the age of twenty-five years, an useless life. If I am to-day rich, if I am esteemed, honored, or at all distinguished; if, finally, what is much better, I am surrounded by true and sincere friends, I owe it all to a hair—a hair of Madame Pingot's wig!

"Must I now draw a moral from my story, like the good Æsop, whose mind was as beautiful as his body was deformed?"

"The moral of your story, Doctor, is very apparent, but something still remains to be desired."

"Yes, Doctor, you have said nothing more of your oath—you have been ungrateful towards Madame Pingot."

"I have settled a pension for life upon her."

"But your vow to marry the beauty of the blond hair?"

"I have not violated my oath," said the Doctor, gaily; "for first, Madame Pingot is not a beauty—and, besides, she wore a wig. I have not yet discovered the real owner of the blond hair!"

"TAKE IT EASY."

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"ALL ye can do with him, Aileen, when he gets into those humors, is—to take it asy."

"Take it *asy*, indeed!" repeated the pretty bride, with a toss of her head, and a curl of her lip; "it's asy to say, take it asy. I'm sure if I had thought Mark was so passionate, I'd have married Mike!"

"But Mike was mighty dark," replied old Aunt Alice, with a mysterious shake of her head.

"Well, so he was; but then I might have had Matthew."

"Ah! ah!" laughed old Alice; "he was the worst bird of the nest! Look, ye can wind Mark round yer finger, as I wind this worsted thread—if ye'll only *take it asy*."

"Oh! I wish—I wish I had known, before, that men were so ill-contrived! I'd have died sooner than have married," sobbed Aileen; who, to confess the truth, had been so much petted by the neighbors on account of her beauty, that it would have required a large proportion of love, and a moderate allowance of wisdom, to change the village coquette into a sober wife—I say a large proportion of love: "Wit," to quote the old adage, "may win a man," but *wit never kept one*: unless a woman cultivate the affections, even more than knowledge, she will never secure a husband's heart. It is to this cultivation, indeed, that women owe—and to which, only, they ought to owe—their influence; and the neglect of which inevitably engenders that mutual distrust which can end only in misery.

"Ah, whisht! avourneen!" said Alice, "sure I told ye all along. 'Mark,' says I, 'is all fire and tow—but it's out in a minute; Mark is *dark*, and deep as the bay of Dublin; and Matthew is all to the bad intirely.' You've got the best of the three. And ye can manage him just as the south wind, that's blowing now—God bless it!—manages the thistle-down that's floating through the air, if ye'll *take it asy*."

At first, Aileen pouted, then she sat down to her wheel—was too much out of temper to do what she was doing, well—broke her thread—pushed it from her—took up her knit-

ting—dropped the stitches—shook the needles—and, of course dropped some more.

"Take it *asy*," said aunt Alice, looking at her, over her spectacles.

Aileen flung the knitting away, clasped her arms round her aunt's neck, rested her head on her bosom, and wept outright.

"Let's go into the garden, sit under the ould lime tree, and watch the bees that are near swarming," observed aunt Alice, "and we'll talk yer trouble over, avourneen. It's very sorry I am to see ye taking on so, for a thrifle, at the first going off. But you'll know better by-'n-by, when real troubles come."

Poor Aileen, like all young people, thought her troubles were very real, but she held her peace; until, observing the bees more than usually busy, she muttered, "I wonder, aunt, you don't tell the bees to take it asy."

"So I would, dear, if I saw them quarrelling; but they are too wise to quarrel among themselves, whatever they do with *furriners*. They fly together, live together, sing together, work together, and have but the one object and aim in life; ah, then, many's the good lesson we may learn from the bees, besides that which teaches us to bring all that's good and useful to our own homes." The old woman paused; and then added, "Sit ye down here, my child, and listen to what I'm going to tell ye. Ye know well, avourneen, I was lawfully married, first, by ould Father John, to Richard Mulvaney—my heart's first love he was; heaven be his bed this blessed day, and grant we may meet above the world and its real troubles! Aileen, it was indeed, a trouble to see my brave, young, handsome husband, dragged out of the blue waters of the Shannon; to find that, when I called, he could not answer; when I wept, he could not comfort; that my cheek rested for hours on his lips, and he did not kiss it; and that never more, in this world, would I hear his sweet and loving voice!"

Fourscore years and five had passed over the head of that woman: and her age was as beautiful, according to its beauty, as had been her youth. She had been married three times;

yet her eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of the love and sorrow of her early days, and it was some time before she could continue.

"Well, dear, one day, Richard and I had some little tiff, and I said more than I ought to have said. And it was by the same token, a fine midsummer morning; I strayed out to our garden, and picked up a shiny snail; and as I looked at the snail, I remembered how, the last midsummer day, I had put just such another between two plates, and sat for an hour by the rising sun, with the forefinger of my left hand crossed over the forefinger of my right hand; and then, as true as life, when I lifted the plate, the thing had marked as purty an R, and a piece of as beautiful an M, as the schoolmaster himself could write, upon the plate; and I cried to remember how glad I was then, and how sad now; and, at last, I cried myself to sleep. Alanna machree! I was little more than a child,—not all out sixteen. Well, dear, in my drame, I suppose I must call it, I saw the beautifullest fairy (the Lord save us!)—the very handsomest of the good people that ever the eyes of woman looked upon,—a little deeshy-dawshy craythur, footing it away, all round the blossom of a snow-white lily; now twisting round upon the tip of her tiny toe; then, as if she was joining hands round, down the middle and up again, to the tune of the 'Rakes of Mallow.'"

"The 'Rakes of Mallow!'" exclaimed Aileen.

"The 'Rakes of Mallow,'" repeated Alice, solemnly; "I heard it as plain as I hear the rising march of the bees at this blessed minute. Well, of a sudden, she made a spring, and stood upright as a dart upon the green and goolden crown, in the very midst of the flower, and pushed back her ringlets, and settled her dress at a pocket looking-glass, not so big as a midge's wing; then, all in a minute she looked at me, and said, 'I don't like the sight of a wet eye;—what ails ye, young woman?'"

"Well, to be sure, my heart came to my lips; but I had too much manners not to answer the great lady; and, 'Madam,' says I, 'my eyes would be as dry, though not as bright as yer honor's, if it wasn't for my husband, my lady, who wants to have a way and a will of his own.'"

"'It's the way with all the men, my own husband into the bargain,' says the queen, for she was no less; 'and there's no use fighting for the upper hand,' says the queen, 'for both the law and the prophets are against us in that; and, if it comes to open war,' says the queen, 'we get the worst of it: if your husband

falls into a bad temper, or a queer temper,—if he is cross, or unkind, or odd—take it asy,' says the queen, 'even if he does not come round at once. This quiet way of yours will put you in his heart, or him at your feet (which is pretty much the same thing) at last: gentleness does wonders for us women, in Fairy-land. You could hardly believe what power it has; it's a weapon of great strength entirely, in the hands of purty woman—and you are very purty for a mortal,' says she again, looking at me through the eye of a heart's-ease, which she wore about her neck for a quizzing-glass.

"'I thank you, my sweet and beautiful lady,' says I, 'for your compliment.' 'Ah! ah!' and she laughed, and her laugh was full of joy and hope, like the music of the priest's own silver bell. 'It's no harm,' she continued, 'if now and then you give him a taste of that which makes your eyes so bright, and your cheeks so red, just now.'"

"'What's that, Madam?' says I.

"'Flattery,' says she. 'Make a man, be he fairy, or be he mortal, pleased with himself, and he is sure to be pleased with you.' And then she laughed again. 'Whatever he says or does,' says her majesty, while she was getting into a golden saddle, a horseback on a great dragon-fly, dressed in a beautiful jacket and gown of green velvet, with a silver riding-whip in her hand, 'take it asy,' says she; and I heard her laugh and sing when she was out of sight, and her sweet voice shook a shower of white rose-leaves, from a bush, on my face. And when I awoke, I saw the wisdom of her words, and I kept them close in my own bosom; and often, when I'd be just going to make a sharp answer to him I loved, for all that, above the world, I'd think of the fairy's word, and the evil would pass from my heart and lips without a sound—no one the worse for it, and I all the better. And sure Richard used to say I was like an angel to him. Poor fellow! he was soon to be taught the differ, for the angels took him from me in earnest!

"After a couple of years I married again. I've no reason to fault the second I had; though he was not gentle, like him who sighed out his soul in the blue waters; he was dark, and would not tell what offended him. Well, I'd have given the world to have had some one to whom I could make a clean breast; but I had none; and, somehow, I again sat in the same spot, at the same time—again slept—and again saw the same one of the good people. I did not think her honor was as gay as she had been, and I wondered in my heart if she, too, had taken a second husband; it

would not have been manners for me to spake first, but she was free as ever.

"'Well,' she says, looking at me very solid-like, 'you've tried another; but though you have not forgotten my advice, you do not follow it.'

"'Oh, my lady, plase yer majesty,' says I, 'the tempers of the two do so differ!' and I thought with the words my heart would break: for the moment poor Richard's humor was out, it was off; but, James would sulk and sulk, like a bramble under the shade of an oak: and the fairy read my thoughts as if they were an open ballad. 'This one is dark, my lady, and gets into the sulks, and is one that I can't manage, good or bad: not all as one as it was with my first husband, plase yer majesty; for when we had a tiff, it was soon over—God help me, so it used to be; but this one sits in a corner, and never speaks a word, not even to the cat.'

"'Ah,' said she, 'they are different; but the rule holds good—gentle and simple—hot and cold—old and young—you must take them asy, or you'll never be asy yourself. Let a passionate temper cool; don't blow upon it—a breath may ruffle a lake, and kindle a fire. Let a sulky temper alone, it is a standing pool; the more it is stirred, the more it will offend.' I try to talk her fine English, Aileen, but it bothers me," continued old Alice. "Well, the end of it was, that she finished as before, by telling me to *take it asy*; which, after that, I did; and I must say that James's last breath was spent in blessing me. Well, dear, Miles Pendergrast was rich, and I was poor; he wanted a mother for five children, and a servant for himself; and he took me. This was the worse case of the three. There was a great deal of love—young—fresh—heart-sweet love the first; and more than is going, in general, to the second: but, oh, my grief! there was *none* to the third. Oh, but marriage to a woman without love! what is it? Where love is, it is even pleasant to bear a harsh word, or an unkind look—a satisfaction that you can show your love, by turning bitter to sweet. Service is no service then—his voice is your music—his word yer law—his very shadow on the ground yer brightest sunshine!"

"Aunt," said Aileen, "you did not think that with the first, at the time, or you would not have wanted the good people's advice."

"True for ye, avourneen; we never value the sunbeams so much as in the dark of the moonless night; we never value a friend's advice until he is beyond our reach; we never prize the husband's love, or the mother's care, until the grave has closed over them; and

when we seek them there, the grass that we weep over is green, the mallow and the dock have covered the cross or the headstone, and the red earthworms we have disturbed bring us no message."

"I don't want to hear any more, aunt," said Aileen, pained by the picture her aunt had drawn; "now I'll own to the first of the quarrel, and the last word of it, if Mark will confess to the middle."

"Let a quarrel alone, when once it's over," interrupted her aunt. "A quarrel, darlint, is like buttermilk—when once it is out of the churn, the more you shake it, the more sour it grows."

"And must I say nothing when he comes home?"

"Oh, yes, say, 'Mark, my heart's delight!'"

"Oh, aunt, that would never do!"

"Well, if ye're ashamed to say what you feel, a smile and a kiss will do as well. And a smile and a kiss will work wonders, darling, if the heart goes with them; but if they are only given because they're dutiful gifts, ah! they fall like a snow wreath upon the spring-flower, chilling and crushing, instead of warming and cheering. Not but duty's a fine thing; but it's dark and heavy to a married woman when there is no back of love to it."

"Did the fairy queen give you the same advice the third time?" said the bride, blushing like Aurora at Alice's counsel; "for I suppose you saw her the third time—"

"I must say, achora, she wasn't so civil to me the last time, as she was the first and second," answered the old dame, bridling. "She tould me I wasn't as purty as I used to be—that was true enough, to be sure, orly one never likes to hear it; she tould me that, when the bloom of a woman's cheek fades, the bloom of her heart ought to increase; she talked a deal, that I did not quite understand, about men making laws and breaking them; and how every one has a thorn of some kind or other to bear with: she tould me how hard it was to find three roses in a garden all of the same shape, color, and scent, and how could I expect three good husbands? She said that, as I had borne my crown, I must bear my cross; she was hard enough upon me; but the winding-up of her advice to me, in all my troubles,—was to take it asy; she said she had been married herself more than five hundred years."

"The ould craythur! and to talk of your not being so purty as you were! said Aileen."

"Hush, avourneen! Sure they have the use of the May-dew before it falls, and the color of the lilies and roses before it's folded in the

tender buds; and can steel the notes out of the birds' throats while they sleep."

"And still," exclaimed Aileen, half pouting, "the best advice they can give to a married woman, under all her trouble, is—to take it asy!"

"It's a sensible saying, if properly thought of," said old Alice, "and will bring peace, if not love, at the last. If we can't get rid of our troubles, it's wise to TAKE THEM ASY."

For the Ladies' Magazine.

"LOOK THROUGH NATURE, UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

How pleasantly! How pleasantly,
The poet's gifted eye,
Looks forth on every lovely thing,
Beneath the bounding sky:
For him are treasures glowing,
Where others reckon naught,
And all that breathes around him,
Is with life and beauty fraught;
He readeth carefully aright,
The flower upon its stem,
And stars to him are holy,
For God created them.

How gracefully! how gracefully,
Fair blossoms gem his way;
Timidly offering up their gifts,
Amidst the glorious day;
No wood-flower wastes its beauty,
No leaflet shines in vain,

For he reads most pleasant lessons there,
Where peace and gladness reign:
And when rainbow colors sparkle,
In the grass-imbedded dew;
He loves it in its lowliness,
For God has made it too.

How gloriously! how gloriously,
Beneath the setting sun,
The western woods are wrapped in light,
Though day is almost done;
Parting in majesty serene,
With sweetly lingering grace,
While higher up the radiant sky,
Fair Venus takes her place:
Then—in the poet's inmost soul,
Rise visions pure and fair;
And his heart is bowed in worship,
For God is everywhere. H. M.

A SOLILOQUY.

(NOT HAMLET'S.)

To have it out or not; that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,
And by extracting end them? To pull, to tug!
No more! And by that tug to say we end
The tooth-ache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to! 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull, to tug!
To tug—perchance to break! Ah! there's the
rub,
For in that wrench what agonies may come.
When we have half unlodg'd the stubborn foe
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain
The vile quack's nostrum, dentists' contumely,

The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay,
The insolence of pity, and the spurns
That patient sickness of the healthy take;
When he himself might his *quietus* make
For two-and-sixpence? Who would fardels bear
To groan and cry beneath a load of pain?
But that the dread of something lodg'd within
The silken twisted forceps—from whose fangs
No face at ease returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And many a one whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps measures back,
Scared at the name of dentist.

NORTHUMBERLAND ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

(AT THE JUNCTION OF THE EAST AND WEST BRANCHES.)

(See Engraving.)

THE comfort and prosperity of the towns on this and other central rivers, in the middle states, have been dearly bought by the sacrifices of the pioneers, who went in advance of civilization, and over whose graves the grass is hardly yet matted with time. It is necessary to look back constantly to the recent date of the chronicles of those border contests, to realise that centuries have not elapsed since these flourishing fields were contended for, hand to hand, by the the white and red man.

It was only in 1778, that the increasing inroads on the settlements in this part of the country compelled many of the inhabitants to abandon their farms, and congregate at the rude forts scattered along the frontier, where they could resist, to more advantage, the dangers which threatened them. An exciting tale is recorded of a contest between an old man and two Indians under the following circumstances.

David Morgan, the hero of the story, was upwards of sixty years of age. He owned a small farm about a mile from one of the forts; and on the day of the adventure, not feeling very well, he had sent his son and daughter to feed the cattle, at the deserted barn, and had gone to bed, in the fort. As he slept, he dreamed that he saw his children making towards him, scalped. The fancy was so vivid, that he started from his sleep, and, finding they had not returned, took his gun, and walked out rapidly to find them. He reached the farm in great agitation, but the children were there, and he sat down on a log to recover his composure. He had not sat long, before two Indians came out of the house, and made towards his son and daughter, who were at a little distance, preparing the ground for melons. Fearing to alarm them too much, and thus deprive them of the power of escaping, he kept his seat; and, in his usual tone of voice, apprised them of their danger, and told them to run towards the fort. The savages raised a terrific cry, and started in pursuit: but the old man showing himself at the same instant, they took to the shelter of the trees. Morgan then attempted to follow his children; but in a minute or two, finding that the savages gained upon him, he turned to fire. They instantly sprang behind trees, and the old man did the same, taking aim at one of the Indians,

whose refuge, a small sapling, did not entirely cover his body. As he was on the point of firing, the savage felt his exposure, and dropped behind a prostrate log, close at his feet. The next instant the reserved shot took effect, beneath the log, and the Indian rolled over, stabbing himself twice in the breast.

Having disposed of one of his foes, Morgan abandoned the shelter of his tree and took to flight. The Indian pursued, and the race was continued about sixty yards, when, looking over his shoulder, the old man saw the gun raised, within a few paces of him. He sprang aside, and the ball whizzed harmlessly by. It was now a more equal contest; and Morgan struck at the Indian with his gun, receiving at the same instant a blow from a tomahawk, which severed one of the fingers from his left hand. They closed immediately, and the Indian was thrown; but overturned the old man, with a powerful effort; and, sitting on his breast, uttered his yell of victory, and felt for his knife. A woman's apron, which he had stolen from the farm-house, and tied round his waist, embarrassed him; and Morgan seized one of his hands between his teeth, and, getting hold, himself, of the handle of the knife, drew it so sharply through the Indian's fingers, as to wound him severely. In the struggle, they regained their feet, and still retaining his hold on the fingers in his mouth, Morgan gave him a stab, which decided the contest. The savage fell, and, afraid that others of the tribe might be lurking near, the exhausted old man made the best of his way to the fort.

A party immediately went out to the spot where the struggle had taken place, but the fallen Indian was not to be seen. They tracked him by his blood to a fallen tree, where he was endeavoring to stanch his wounds with the stolen apron. On their approaching him, he affected to smile, and endeavored to conciliate them, crying out, in his broken English, "How do, broder! how do, broder?" There was little mercy in store for him, however. To the shame of our white race, it is recorded that "they tomahawked and scalped him: and afterwards flaying both him and his companion, they converted their skins into saddle-seats and pouches!"

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE—APRIL, 1844.

Among the articles in this number to which we would call attention, is *THE RUSSIAN PRINCE*. This story, while it interests deeply, leaves something in the mind of the reader upon which to muse—not idly and dreamily, but to good purpose. *THE UNKNOWN PATIENT* is likewise a fine German story—full of spirit, and yet pure as the waters of a mountain spring. The scene between the old doctor, his son and Angela, has been presented with fine effect by the artist who has illustrated the tale. Each of these articles occupies considerable space. But no one who attentively peruses them, giving himself up to their peculiar spirit, as he does so, will think them a line too long. Much, too much has been sacrificed in our Magazines to a rage for short articles. Cramped into the Procrustean bed of two, three, and four pages, no writer can do himself full justice. He may give a vivid outline—a spirited sketch; but not bring up from the mind's deeper regions his best thoughts, nor be able to throw upon the canvass masterly conceptions, well elaborated. And how fares the reader under this system? The surface of his mind is played over, and stirred pleasantly; the little waves reflecting, like fragments of a shattered mirror, the bright sun-light,—but all beneath is quiet and dark. The zephyr's breath dies away, and again the surface is smooth,—there is no deep ground swell—no heavings in the depths below. These have been all unreachd. He lays aside the Magazine of the month, with scarcely a thought of its contents. He has been pleased for an hour, and that is about all. Little remains to be deeply pondered; to be recalled again and again as we recall the picture of a master, with the desire to turn to it, and study it with a more interior vision that shall penetrate and comprehend the whole conception. The error here alluded to, we will endeavor to avoid. While a due proportion of short, pleasant articles are given, we shall present at least one paper of greater length in which the writer has been able to finish up his subject with proper effect, so that in each number of our work, there will be found a leading article that shall be the month's peculiar feature.

Among the publications of the month, we notice the following, which have been received from R. G. Berford. "*Animal Magnetism, or, Mesmerism; its History, Phenomena, and Present Condition; containing Practical Instructions and the Latest Discoveries in the Science.*" Principally derived from a recent work. By William Lang. With a supplement, containing new and important facts, never before published in the United States. By Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, author of *Facts in*

Mesmerism, etc. New York. Published by James Mowatt & Co." "*The Grumbler, A Novel.* By Miss Ellen Pickering, New York, Harper & Brothers"—and by the same publishers—"Arabella Stuart, a Romance from English History. By G. P. R. James." "*The Unloved One, a Domestic Story,* by Mrs. Hoffland." "*The Heretic, from the Russian.*" "*The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill.*" By Wm. Howitt," and No. 2 of their splendidly illustrated Bible.

GODEY'S LIBRARY OF ELEGANT LITERATURE—LADY'S BOOK EXTRA. The first number of this Library contains a novel from the pen of William Gilmore Simms, under the title of "*The Prima Donna. A Passage from City Life.*" We like the plain large type, and clear white paper upon which Mr. Godey has issued this first number of his "*Library of Elegant Literature.*" Of the merit of the work itself, we need not speak. The reputation of the author of "*The Yemassee*" will cause a new work from his pen to be sought with avidity—particularly, as it is afforded at the cheap rate of twelve and a half cents, the usual price of a novel now-a-days. "*Heads of the People,* drawn by Kenny Meadows; with original essays by Douglass Jerrold, William Howitt, &c. &c. with eight plates" is the title of a neat work, in pamphlet edition, published by Carey & Hart. "*The Fortune Hunter, or The Adventures of A Man About Town. A Novel of New York Society: by Mrs. Helen Berkley.*"—We also notice, a two shilling novel, from the press of J. Winchester, New York. "*The Methodist Preacher, or Lights and Shadows in the Life of an Itinerant.* R. G. Berford, Philadelphia,"—is another cheap work, price one shilling, which will no doubt be extensively read by a class of persons for whose particular edification it appears to have been written.

The above works, with all the new and cheap publications, may be had, wholesale and retail, at Berford's extensive periodical establishment, No. 101 Chestnut Street. This is the largest and most elegantly arranged depot for the sale of cheap books in the United States. The proprietor is attentive, prompt and gentlemanly, and his prices, both to wholesale and retail customers, the lowest that prevail.

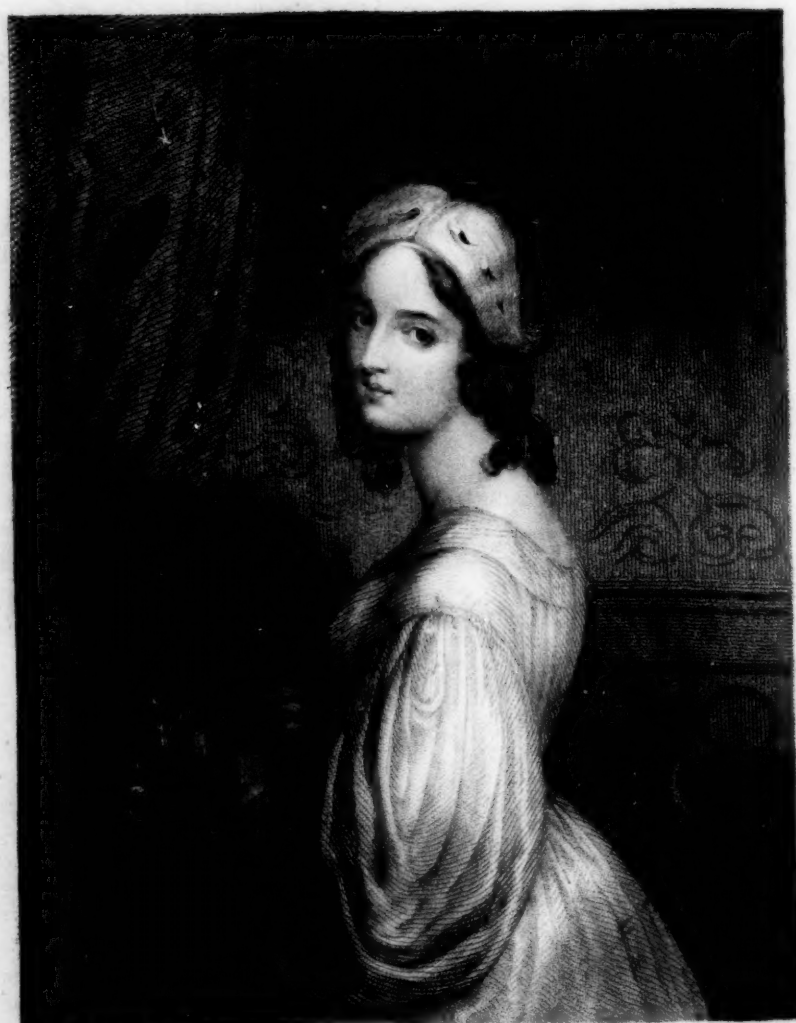
A pure, daylight picture embellishes this number of our Magazine. It is one of the best we have seen from the graver of Dick. The fine effect produced by the painter, has been happily preserved in the execution of the plate. It is rarely that so fine a specimen of art, united with so chaste a subject, can be found in any Magazine.

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Drawn by R. Stone.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

Theresa?

